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THE CRIMES BILL.

THE Gladstonian Opposition are rendering at least one service to the public by their factious resistance to the Crimes Bill. They have been testing the existing Rules of Parliamentary procedure in a fashion closely analogous to that in which we test, or do not test, our guns. If the Rules, that is to say, had "functioned" properly under the "bursting charge" of envenomed and unashamed Obstructionism by which it has been sought to disable them, we might safely have pronounced them efficient for all normal Parliamentary requirements. Unfortunately they have not stood this test, but have "given" in several places, the most conspicuous of which perhaps is that which has been brought to light during the present week. The debate on Mr. REID's amendment to the motion to go into Committee affords proof conclusive, if proof were wanted, of the necessity of abolishing this stage, left untouched by the Procedure Reform of 1882, in the proceedings on a Bill. It is true that the remodelled form of the amendment, or rather the absolute metamorphosis to which it was subjected by older Parliamentary hands than its author, avoids some of the more patent objections which could be urged against it in its original shape. But no amount of revision could make its introduction other than an abusive exercise of a Parliamentary privilege which had been already exhausted. An amendment to the effect that the House "declines to proceed further" with a particular Bill then under consideration until it has before it a companion measure "in the shape in which it may pass" the other House of Parliament, ought certainly not to be admissible on the motion to go into Committee. It may be said that it is not an objection to the principle of the first-mentioned Bill, but merely to the time and circumstances of entertaining it; but, even if that be the case, there is nothing to prevent such an objection being taken at the stage of second reading. It is quite open to any member to meet the motion to read a Bill a second time by precisely such an amendment as has been discussed throughout this week at the Committee stage; and, this being so, it follows that here again the existing procedure allows to the opponents of a measure a double opportunity of resistance to it under identical circumstances and on identical grounds. No doubt it was intended in the pre-obstruction era that this should be so; but in these days of systematic abuse of the forms of the House the particular privilege which the Opposition have just turned to a dilatory purpose ought certainly to be abolished.

Even if anything could have been said for the form of the amendment thus introduced at the Committee stage, it is in substance, as Mr. BALFOUR easily showed, indefensible. It rests upon a theory as to the relations between the two Houses of Parliament which is constitutionally unsound and would be practically unworkable. Legislation would come to a deadlock if our Lords and Commons were reciprocally to make their treatment of measures submitted to them depend on the manner in which other measures are treated in the other House. If the Commons may legitimately decline to proceed with the reinforcement of the criminal law in Ireland, until they learn definitively what the Lords are going to do in the way of remedial legislation, the Lords, on their part, might just as legitimately refuse to mature their "measure of relief against excessive rents" until they hear what the Commons are going to do to combat the organization which aims at the confiscation of all rent what-

ever, and punishes its payment in the persons of those who are honest enough to pay it by midnight murder. Such a conflict between the two branches of the Legislature would, of course, be signally absurd, and all the more so because it would also be wholly superfluous. Each House possesses ample power of objection to the proposals of the other when they are actually submitted to it; and assuming it to be right—which it rarely can be, and certainly is not in this case—to make the passing of one Bill contingent on the form formally given to another, the House of Commons, as Mr. BALFOUR pointed out, can fully protect itself with regard to the former of such measures by deferring its third reading, as the Government had promised that it should be deferred, until the latter came before them. But this, it seems, is not enough; and the reason why it is not enough was put with admirable force and point by the CHIEF SECRETARY. The Opposition are not really concerned, as they pretend, about obtaining an efficient Land Bill; what they are, in truth, solicitous about is to secure an inefficient Crimes Bill. And, with so transparent an object before them as that, the Government were fully justified in treating the amendment with what their Irish adversaries, who ought to be learned on this subject, at any rate, complain of as "a conspiracy of silence." More especially were they so justified when it became clear, as it did at an early period of the debate, that the Parnellites had mostly transferred their activities from the House of Commons to the stump, leaving none of the "staff" save Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR to take part in the debate. Mr. PARNELL had indeed been announced to speak; but the expectation that he would really do so could not have been seriously entertained by any who correctly appreciate the position of the member for Cork. He could hardly address the House of Commons just yet, unless he is prepared to state that he has at last made up his mind to do what most innocent people do without taking a fortnight to think about it; and, as there is no reason to suppose that he meditates any such announcement, his silence during the late debate might have been reckoned upon with considerable confidence. The Government did wisely to confine themselves, after Mr. BALFOUR had answered the mover of the Amendment, to one official speech; and a division, decided by exactly the same majority as that which carried the second reading, showed that no fresh Ministerial advocacy was required.

AFGHANISTAN.

ALTHOUGH the Government continues to give reassuring replies to inquiries as to the disturbances in Afghanistan, and although attempts are made in various quarters to represent the facilities which Russia now enjoys as less than is commonly thought, there is a good deal of uneasiness on the subject among people neither ill-informed nor given to needless alarms. It is felt to be comparatively unimportant whether, in this petty engagement or that, the AMEER or the Ghilzais gained the victory, so long as it is undeniable that there are widespread disturbances in the country. And it is difficult to imagine anything much idler than the attempt to derive comfort from statements that the Transcaspian Railway has been hastily and badly laid, and that it could not at short notice transport a large army and its impedimenta. Very likely not. But still it is scarcely necessary to suggest that the

"impassable deserts" (about which the Duke of ARGYLL used to be so fond of talking), with the Russians on the further side and the independent Tekkes barring the way, were not quite the same thing as the same deserts bridged with a railway (even if that railway is not quite so completely equipped as the main line of the North-Western), cleared of hostile occupants, and occupied on the Afghan side by considerable forces of Russian regular and irregular troops. Moreover, it may be pointed out that all, or almost all, the published accounts of the railway itself are at second or third hand and of extremely doubtful authority. The Russians have exercised the most jealous care to prevent any qualified Englishman from inspecting it, and though it is not improbable that the Indian Intelligence Department is not uninformed on the matter, its information has been kept pretty secret. Besides nobody—at least nobody in his senses—expects the railway to play more than an auxiliary part in the matter, and we may add that nobody—at least nobody in his senses—can deny that, even in the worst possible condition, it must be a useful auxiliary.

The disquieting rumours referred to above may be divided under three heads—the disturbances in Afghanistan itself, the question of the Afghan Frontier Commission, and the reported movements or designs of Russia further to the east and north, in the districts between the Indus and the Amu Daria. With respect to the first, every allowance for the almost measureless lying which takes place in regard to Central Asian affairs will leave a considerable residuum of probable truth. Not merely among the Western Ghilzais, but in the Candahar district, and most dangerous of all in Herat, there seems to be excitement, varying from open insurrection to plots and conspiracies of various kinds. In ordinary times, no doubt, the AMEER would be well able to deal with these, and so, if he be allowed fair play, he may do still; but the question, of course, is, Will he be allowed fair play by a certain neighbour of his? Again, the reported issue of the last dispute in reference to the Boundary Commission is not exactly likely to strengthen his hands. A week or two ago it was asserted that the Russians claimed Khoja Saleh, and that British efforts were being directed to the obtaining of some corresponding easement elsewhere. Now the weather-cock of rumour has shifted to quite a different position, yet one by no means unexpected. Khoja Saleh, it is said, is not to be given to Russia, but this time it is Russia who is to have the easement, and it is to take the form of the much-coveted district of Maruchak, at the other end of the line. It is no wonder that the partisans of Muscovy exult in this. Every one remembers the excitement over the question of Maruchak when the frontier question first began to be seriously debated and the importance attached to it. It is to be greatly feared that the good disposition of his subjects towards the AMEER, and of subjects and AMEER alike towards the English, will hardly be increased by a fresh knuckle-down on this point. For a knuckle-down it is, Khoja Saleh itself having been always maintained by us as Afghan territory. As for the third point, it is one of great importance. According to a Bombay telegram, a special appointment has been made for the purpose of watching affairs in Chitral and Gilgit and the neighbouring districts, from Andijan, which is a town on the upper Sir Daria, in the Russian province of Ferghana, close upon the plateaus of the Pamir. Of these plateaus the northern part belongs to Russia already, and the southern—nominally, at least—to the AMEER, while there is a belt of difficult and little-known hill country between, which may be called Bokharan, Afghan, or independent pretty much according to the taste and desires of the speaker. The Russians have long hankered after these districts, and no wonder; for those who are acquainted with the "behind the cards" of the matter know that possession of them, or at least commanding influence in them, is necessary to carry out the Russian plan for attacking India. Russian generals are quite aware of the risk of being checkmated, even in a combined attack from Herat and Balkh, by the power of acting on interior lines which the possession of the passes from Quetta and Pishin northwards gives to the English so long as the enemy comes from the west of the Khyber only. They therefore intend to work from the north through Cashmere as well, and so to take Peshawur and the line of the Indus in the rear. In order to do this, "watching affairs" in Chitral and Gilgit is necessary. Fortunately we have been beforehand with them; but a Russian usually watches with golden telescopes, and that is a kind which requires constant counter-observation.

All this uneasiness and trouble, it cannot be repeated too often, is the result of that fatal policy which allowed Russia to approach Afghanistan when it was the very easiest thing in the world to keep her off. Mr. GLADSTONE's, and in a minor degree Lord BEACONSFIELD's, blunder was exactly the same in kind as that which would have been committed if the Channel Tunnel had been allowed. Very likely we should have been able to bar or beat off any hostile attack through that Tunnel; it is not improbable that we should be able to bar or beat off a Russian attack on India. But the argument of the most prudent and best-informed persons in both cases was and is that it is not worth while for a country to expose itself to constant alarms when it has the opportunity of at least to some extent stopping the source of panic. In the case of the Channel Tunnel the matter was close at hand, and could be explained to the meanest understanding, while it had the good fortune not to involve any party question. In the case of the Transcaspien zone the scene was half the world off, the facts were known to comparatively few people, and a great political party chose for years to exert all its power of mystifying and poohpoohing. The result is the result. There are Russian troops at Penjdeh, at one end of the disputed frontier, and at Kilif at the other, besides plenty more not far off; while the nearest English soldier is separated by the whole breadth of Afghanistan from the scene of action. To make the matter worse, English diplomacy, thus unsupported by the only thing that ever makes diplomacy of any force, has engaged itself in an almost certainly losing game of delimiting the undelimitable. A Persian Vizier observed once to a traveller that the traveller might certainly count on protection within the dominions of the Shah; but that as to the exact point to which the dominions of the Shah extended he, the Vizier, must altogether decline to commit himself. This kind of uncertainty, which was not diplomatic cunning, but simple fact, makes the game of a predatory and unscrupulous Power like Russia exceedingly easy, and it ought to have deterred England from taking any hand therein. The last thing compatible with political sanity after the desertion of the Tekkes was to have let Russia know that she might, if she liked, go up to the universally reputed frontier line of the common atlases and not a step further. This chance having been missed, there is nothing left but the certainty of continuous higgling until either Russia gets everything she wants, or England at last puts her foot down—and these do not seem to be days in which England is very much disposed to put her foot down. On one point, however, all competent judges are, we believe, agreed—that the sooner the farce of the Boundary Commission ends the better. It has done and is doing little but harm, and the longer it continues the more harm it is likely to do.

THE SCHNAEBELE AFFAIR.

IT is not, we hope, premature to congratulate Europe on the probability of an amicable settlement of the SCHNAEBELE affair. No step has yet, it is true, been taken by the German Government in definite termination of the untoward incident; but the semi-official announcement of a day or two ago to the effect that it might not be necessary for the authorities at Berlin to despatch to Paris the documents embodying the German case had, of course, a highly reassuring effect. Very full explanations—and explanations of a tenor very difficult to divine—would undoubtedly have been necessary to establish a justification in international law, to say nothing of international comity, for M. SCHNAEBELE's arrest; and the "prompt and satisfactory settlement," which would preclude the necessity of such explanations, could therefore be of only one kind. The German Government, it was at once inferred, must be intending to release M. SCHNAEBELE at once, and with due expressions of regret for his irregular arrest; and on the strength of this inference the Parisian Bourse became buoyant. It has, of course, been considerably agitated during the crisis; but, having regard to the very unpleasant nature of the disturbing occurrence, not inordinately so; and, considering the intrinsically less stable equilibrium of French Rentes, we may certainly credit these securities with not having behaved as any "greater fools" than our own Three per Cents. would probably have shown themselves in like circumstances. One inducement to composure may perhaps have been derived from the very peculiarity of the incident itself, which was one of such an almost grotesquely startling character that it was impossible to

regard it as deliberately brought about by instructions from head-quarters. We are perhaps a little less ready to believe that modern Governments are incapable of the "cynical immorality," as it is usual to call it, of designedly manufacturing a *casus belli*; but it is at least safe to say that any modern Government bent on such a reprehensible project would set about it with a little more art than distinguished the alleged tactics of Herr (or Monsieur) GAUTSCH.

It is one thing, however, to manufacture a cause of quarrel and another to take advantage of it when ready to hand; and it no doubt seemed quite possible to not a few anxious Frenchmen that that distinction was about to be illustrated in the present case. To lay an ambush for a French official, and, after a rough-and-tumble struggle, to hale him away from, if not across, the frontier to a German prison, may have been only Herr GAUTSCH's, and not Prince BISMARCK's, notion of settling an international grievance by methods of *haute politique*; but it was not so certain that Prince BISMARCK might not elect, for reasons of his own, to make himself responsible for the act of his indiscreet agent. The fear that this formidable development of the situation might be in store for us was sensibly aggravated by two causes—one, the ominous silence for some days of the German authorities, and the other the apparent disposition of the German press, and of the semi-official order, to take Herr GAUTSCH's side in the dispute. By this latter phenomenon, however, they ought not, perhaps, to have been so much moved. Semi-official newspaper partisanship makes the strangest mistakes on some occasions, even in countries where the combination of judgment with unscrupulousness in the support of a Government ought to be much better understood than it is in Germany. It is not an absolutely unknown experience with us for a newspaper to make itself supremely ridiculous by a quite erroneous forecast of Ministerial policy and a sycophantic precipitancy in the advocacy of measures which have never for a moment entered into the contemplation of its patron. We fancy, at any rate, that we can remember a mistake of this kind being committed in this country not many years ago by an innocent journalist, who assumed that the Mr. GLADSTONE who champions "rising nationalities" when he is out of office is the same person as Mr. GLADSTONE in Downing Street with a great domestic *coup* on hand. For these and other reasons, it was unnecessary for the French to trouble themselves much about the utterances of the German press. Prince BISMARCK's silence is, no doubt, much more really disturbing than their speech; but even this, we venture to think, is not disturbing enough to justify any serious belief that the action of Herr GAUTSCH will be adopted at Berlin. Even the publication of the Report made on the case by the Imperial Ministry of Justice to the Foreign Office does not, we hope and believe, portend anything more than a desire on the part of the German Government to show what good grounds they had for arresting and trying M. SCHNAEBELE if they could lay hands upon him without breach of international law. It is, at any rate, worthy of remark that the Report says nothing as to the circumstances under which M. SCHNAEBELE crossed the frontier, and gives no confirmation to the statement of a Frankfort newspaper that the French official was not invited, but invited himself, to meet Herr GAUTSCH. And should the former account of the matter be the true one, it is impossible to believe that Prince BISMARCK will sustain one of his agents in a course of conduct which, if systematically pursued between two neighbour States, would keep their relations with each other in a state of tension which would soon become intolerable.

THE BUDGET.

EXCEPT in his first sentences, which contained a sneer at the Liberal Unionists, Mr. GLADSTONE's speech on the Budget was a welcome return to his earlier and better manner. It is pleasant to find that he can still be courteous without ceasing to be argumentative, and that he is capable of discussing an important question on its merits, instead of courting the applause of a noisy faction. Some of his suggestions may perhaps be accepted by Mr. GOSCHEN as practical improvements; and, if two such authorities agree, few financial amateurs, except perhaps Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, will venture to question the soundness of their decision. There are obvious advantages in the creation of a Two and a Half per Cent. Stock for local loans; but, on the other hand, Mr. GOSCHEN doubts whether his original arrangement will not be preferable, on the ground of its

greater simplicity. It would be presumptuous to express a dogmatic opinion on the causes and consequences of the practice of watering tobacco. It seems that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, when he increased the duty, was warned by the trade that, inasmuch as the extra percentage was too small to be recovered from the consumer, manufacturers and dealers would recoup themselves by proportionate adulteration. Mr. GOSCHEN is sanguine in the hope that, by diminishing the temptation to fraud, he will abolish the practice; but he intends both to confer a benefit on the maker and to make some small addition to the revenue. Mr. GLADSTONE strongly objects to the grant in aid of rates, which is to be equal in amount to the second moiety of the Carriage-duty. It is obvious that so fragmentary a measure of relief will not excite active gratitude on the part of the ratepayers. Having cleared away minor topics, Mr. GLADSTONE devoted the principal part of his speech to the only issue of primary importance which is raised by the Budget. There is no doubt that Mr. GOSCHEN had caused some surprise by his proposal to provide a considerable surplus by an appropriation of two millions of the Sinking Fund. The objections to the measure lie on the surface, and they furnished abundant material for Mr. GLADSTONE's eloquent protest. There is a fallacy in the assumption that any vital principle is involved in the dispute; but there is a sufficient practical difference between two lines of financial policy to justify an animated debate.

A hostile critic of a financial scheme is almost always a purist, insisting on the truth and on the value of general propositions. The Minister who is officially responsible has to consider circumstances, pecuniary amounts, and the details of the incidence of taxation. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GOSCHEN are equally committed to the opinion that there ought to be a Sinking Fund of limited amount. That the fund should seldom or never be reduced is a tenable, but an arbitrary, proposition. Mr. GLADSTONE himself has in former times opposed the establishment of particular Sinking Funds, and while he controlled the finances of the country he was not invariably bent on the rapid reduction of the National Debt. The exact amount which ought to be annually applied to the relief of posterity cannot be accurately defined. Of late years Mr. GLADSTONE has persuaded himself that the redemption of the Debt ought to be sweeping and rapid; and, by his ingenious manipulation of terminable annuities, he has discharged to a considerable extent his self-imposed duty. In his speech of last Monday he admitted that he had formerly blamed Sir GEORGE LEWIS for instituting a special Sinking Fund, which was subsequently appropriated by Mr. DISRAELI to the service of the year. In 1874, when Mr. GLADSTONE proposed the total repeal of the Income-tax, the Sinking Fund stood at 3,000,000*l.*, and there is no reason to believe that, if the scheme had been accepted, any additional surplus would have been provided. Critics may hesitate to accuse Mr. GLADSTONE of inconsistency because his fiscal proposals may have varied from time to time; but his changing policy is scarcely reconcilable with his attempts to lay down an immutable rule. Since he became an enthusiast for reduction of debt, he has exaggerated to himself the advantage of similar operations. When Consols are at par, the discharge of any part of the Debt is an investment at the rate of three per cent. The profits of the transaction cannot in any case exceed the difference between the purchase money or Sinking Fund and the capitalized value of the interest which is cancelled. There are collateral advantages in the diminution of national liabilities, but the fiscal operation is simple, and very moderately remunerative. If the growth of national prosperity had not been unexpectedly interrupted, the expediency of making sacrifices for the early discharge of the Debt would have been even more questionable than at present. The amount of the mortgage on the revenue would have remained stationary, while the fund on which it is charged was constantly increasing. The burden is now less than a pound a head per annum on the whole population. If Mr. GLADSTONE's leaps and bounds had continued, every member of the community would on an average have been richer at the end of each successive year. Even in present circumstances the liability is divided among a body of debtors, which becomes constantly more numerous, and which has not thus far become poorer.

Before financiers had thought it desirable to provide for the annual and systematic reduction of the Debt, the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the time being was in the habit of taking care that the Budget should contain a

surplus which at once became legally vested in the Commissioners of the National Debt. The Estimates were innocently cooked for the purpose by deliberately modest estimates of revenue, and by ample provision for expenditure. At the end of a prosperous year the Government was supposed to discover with surprise that the calculation of receipts had been not sufficiently sanguine, and that a portion of the expected outlay had proved to be unnecessary. The result seemed to be so gratifying, that the operation was again and again repeated; and a perceptible impression was made on the mass of the Debt. The reduction was effected, as has been already said, by the investment of supposed windfalls at three per cent. Mr. GLADSTONE, under the influence of a panic about the supply of coal, determined to undertake the repayment of Debt on a larger scale and by a more regular method. Terminable Annuities had already proved to be an effective contrivance for periodically paying off large portions of the Debt. It was, of course, necessary to pay a higher rate of interest in the form of annuities which were not perpetual; and experience proved that even a considerable bonus failed to induce private persons to invest their money in funds which might disappear during their lifetime. It was more possible to deal with insurance offices and similar bodies of capitalists, and the Government in its banking capacity controlled large funds belonging to Saving Banks and other national institutions. The complicated and ingenious machinery of Terminable Annuities is slightly less profitable to the State than the immediate appropriation of surplus revenue to the discharge of Debt. On the other hand, it is comparatively secure from the interference of Parliament, and its advocates contend that it deludes the country for its own good. Mr. GOSCHEN's mastery of finance would perhaps have enabled him to appropriate part of a Sinking Fund consisting of Terminable Annuities to the immediate relief of the taxpayer; but the task which he now undertakes is simpler and easier, and it is measurably cheaper.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr. DISRAELI's Administration, determined to substitute for Mr. GLADSTONE's plan an annual Sinking Fund, which should be unadorned by any elaborate disguise. Casual surpluses were, as in earlier times, to be directly transferred to the Commissioners of the National Debt, and, although there was no interference with existing Terminable Annuities, the artificial method was to be abandoned for the future. An additional surplus sufficient to raise the total charge of the Debt to twenty-eight millions was to be provided in every successive Budget; and the difference between the nominal charge and the actual payment of interest to fundholders amounts to the seven millions which Mr. GOSCHEN proposes to reduce to five. If he had seized on the entire fund, he would have been justly charged with audacity; but, for the reasons which have been given, he would have inflicted no loss on the country. When the taxes were more capriciously adjusted than at present, it was justly thought more expedient to repeal some of the most oppressive than to pay off any portion of a debt which has since been reduced by nearly a hundred millions. The money, according to an expressive phrase of the time, was allowed "to fructify in the pockets of the people." It is not the fashion to prefer the discharge of Debt to the relief of the taxpayer, and on the whole the modern practice suits existing circumstances. It is absurd to insist on the continuance of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's Sinking Fund as if the amount of twenty-eight millions had been fixed by a law of nature. It is well that competent judges should discuss the rate of repayment of debt, or, in other words, the amount of Sinking Fund which ought to be maintained. Mr. GLADSTONE's virtuous indignation at the alleged dereliction of an imaginary duty is wholly misapplied. The process of reasoning by which the Liberal Unionists were proved to be responsible for the reduction of the Sinking Fund is almost unintelligible; but probably Mr. GOSCHEN's criminality was suggested for the purpose of including the recalcitrant Liberals in his guilt.

Mr. GOSCHEN's explanation of his scheme and of his reasons was as usual perfectly lucid; but a less accomplished orator might have made good use of his abundant materials. The seven millions of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's fund are not the whole contribution which is exacted from the payers of Income-tax. In all cases of emergency they are the first victims, and they are now assessed at the abnormal rate of eightpence in the pound because Mr. GLADSTONE contrived in a recent year to spend a hundred millions. If the country wishes to pay off more than five millions of debt in a year, the rest of the community ought to

undertake a share of the burden. The money sorrows of the rich attract little sympathy; but, as Mr. GOSCHEN showed, the high rate of duty falls heavily on the poorer middle classes. The moderate concession of one-eighth of the present tax will give them perceptible relief. It would not have been necessary to prove that they were meritorious applicants for relief when they controlled half the borough constituencies. The great financier who in 1874 offered them, in return for their votes, the entire removal of the Income-tax, is indignant at their modest demand for the remission of a penny in the pound now that they form a comparatively insignificant minority of voters. Mr. GOSCHEN feels for them a sympathy which rests on grounds of justice, and not on a calculation of electoral forces. Having no considerable surplus at his disposal, he satisfied himself that the payment of two millions of debt was less urgent than the reduction of the Income-tax from eightpence to sevenpence. The wicked Liberal Unionists are not yet persuaded that they ought to restore Mr. GLADSTONE to power because the Income-tax is reduced by a penny. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's energetic support of Mr. GLADSTONE's fantastic remonstrances scarcely deserved an answer from Mr. GOSCHEN. An apprentice who has got rid of his articles almost at the beginning of his term of service is not entitled to take rank as an expert.

A WHOLESOME EXAMPLE.

IT is pleasant to be able to offer to a police-magistrate hearty congratulations upon his spirit and good sense. Mr. DE RUTZEN, by the sentences he passed upon the so-called Socialists at the Marylebone Police Court, has rendered substantial service to the public, and has, there is reason to believe, struck terror into the ranks of the ragamuffins whom too much toleration has pampered into a half belief in the respectability of their "cause." It was high time that corner-men at large should be made to understand that pretending to be a "Federation" is no excuse for making disturbances in the Park on Sunday afternoon, and especially for assaulting the police whose duty it is to keep order. It appears that one of the defendants sought to invoke the liberty of the press in his protection by selling copies of a periodical which was accustomed to suggest the murder of individuals, until it was pointed out in these columns that the Government could not much longer permit so vulgar and dangerous a crime to be committed with impunity. Mr. DE RUTZEN did well in paying no attention to so contemptible an excuse for rioting; but, considering the amount of nonsense some people are not ashamed to talk on such subjects, the magistrate deserves full credit for his strength of mind. If the Home Office and Scotland Yard were as free as Mr. DE RUTZEN from the abject fear of encountering the impotent abuse of a handful of rowdies, we should have a very strong, popular, and efficient Executive Government.

THE HORSE ARTILLERY.

THE SECRETARY for WAR will be fortunate if at the end of this year his ambitious scheme for the mobilization of two army corps is not more familiarly known as "STANHOPE's Folly." At the present time it bears a strong resemblance to one of those airy structures, begun by ignorance and carried on by obstinacy, which often catch from afar the tourist eye—sometimes mistaken for a half-hidden castle, but by near approach reduced to its true proportions, and serving no more useful purpose than to keep alive a scornful remembrance of the builder's name. For we have no hesitation in saying that the two army corps promised to us this year by the great authority who recently at the Press Club Dinner took so much credit to himself for getting rid of the "theatrical" element in the British army could only be produced by the time-honoured theatrical expedient of allowing No. 1 to march out on the right and to reappear from the left as No. 2. Nor is this a question on which official information is absolutely necessary in order to form a sound judgment. An army corps cannot be hidden under a bushel, nor can the raw materials be concealed in any number of drawers or pigeon-holes. It is, indeed, absurd to talk of forming two effective army corps from existing materials.

No bare statement of the War Office will convince such people against the evidence of their senses; in fact, we go so far as to say that the general public have of late lost faith

to such an extent in War Office capacity that nothing short of actually seeing simultaneously two army corps would convince them that such a force could be produced when necessary. Yet what can be clearer than Lord WOLSELEY's statement at the Freemasons' Tavern on Saturday last:—"I can say with confidence that, should any untoward event happen to us as a nation this year, we shall be able to place in the field those two complete army corps and a division of cavalry." It is perhaps fortunate for the officials, though unfortunate for the taxpayer, that these conflicting opinions can only be decisively tested and judged after incurring the great expense of mobilization.

There is another point on which the common sense of the public is at variance with the wisdom of the War Office. The Horse Artillery is admitted to be a complex and valuable machine most difficult to create and impossible to replace "in a hurry." Yet it is picked out as the one thing to be sacrificed, apparently to keep the estimates within a certain hard-and-fast limit, much as if on finding the load-line of a ship a shade too deep you began to lighten the cargo by throwing all the watches overboard. It has been an open secret for some time that there has been no love lost between this particular branch of the service and one or two of those advisers from whom the SECRETARY for WAR would naturally seek inspiration. And it would be very unfortunate for them if the public should get the mistaken idea that there were other reasons for the change than those officially given out. That the latter are not deemed satisfactory by experts has been made evident, apart from a great mass of outside testimony, by the speech of Lord NAPIER and the memorial addressed to Mr. STANHOPE by over one hundred members of the House of Commons. And it is quite possible that the incident may yet prove of greater political importance than is usual with a mere detail of army administration. Mr. STANHOPE's reply to the memorial shows the excessive weakness and inconsistency of his position. What can we think of the "whole scheme" which he asks us to consider when he admits that he cannot make provision for ammunition columns even for the first army corps? If such expedients find favour on paper and in cold blood, to what shifts may we not expect to be reduced in practice during the hurry and excitement of actual mobilization in the face of danger. It is delusive to state that by the "conversion" we shall gain an increase in the number of field batteries. By conversion we only at the most increase the power and efficiency of existing batteries. The same artificial reasoning appears when, in two consecutive paragraphs, credit is taken first for reducing the number of horses, and then for retaining these same horses in the army. We think that Mr. STANHOPE would have been wiser if he had imitated the course which he deprecated in the gentlemen who memorialized him, and had forborne to give his reasons. The fact is that, when the first effort of the War Office to minimize and slur over the transaction was a failure, the alternative plan was tried of exaggerating the importance of the benefits to be gained, and we are confronted by the absurdity of what has been treated as a trifling administrative detail being thought capable of producing the important and far-reaching benefits which are now paraded before us. Mr. STANHOPE's adviser, the "General who has commanded troops in the field," seems from the tone of his remarks to be at one with the "theatrical" General to whom we have already referred. He ignores, though he cannot be ignorant of the fact, that "in the field" time is an element which on occasion may countervail all others in ensuring success; that one horse battery which arrives *in time* is worth any number of field batteries which arrive too late. Take, as among the more recent examples, the battle of Spichenen. The corps artillery of the 3rd Prussian Army Corps was sent for in hot haste. The horse batteries covered the distance in three hours, and took part in the action. The field batteries took four and a half hours, and arrived too late. Again, on another occasion, over thirty miles had to be traversed; the horse batteries arrived in time to be of use, and the field batteries were again too late. Is it wonderful that, with such experience in the field, the greatest German authorities on the subject are striving to increase that special arm which our authorities have decided to reduce. Prince KRAFFT, of Hohenlohe Ingelfingen, who commanded the artillery of the Prussian Guard throughout the Franco-German War, is perhaps the greatest and most impartial authority in Europe, and he is extremely anxious to increase the German Horse Artillery, even at the expense of the field batteries. The overwhelming importance of mobility was proved over and over again in his experi-

ence; and there is no doubt that this quality will supply the final element for international competition when accuracy and power in the gun have reached their possible limits and are approximately the same in all countries. Austria, till the cavalry manœuvres at Totis exposed the fallacy, flattered herself that in her "cavalry batteries" she had found a substitute for Horse Artillery, but has returned once more to her abandoned Horse Artillery. The Russians also are increasing this arm, and Italy has lately introduced it. In opposition to this general consensus of opinion, we are asked to adopt the novel ideas of the general who has commanded troops in the field, but who, we can safely say without any wish to disparage his other achievements, has never been called upon to engage the armies of any of these Great Powers.

WAGNER IN PARIS.

RICHARD WAGNER was a man of many ambitions. Poetry, music, politics, æsthetics, millinery, philosophy—his great desire had stomach for pre-eminence in all. Not the least of his aims was that of identifying himself with Germany, and compelling recognition as the representative of the Germanic idea. In this direction, as in the others, he succeeded to an extent that goes far to justify him in the profound regard he entertained for himself. It has been said that he and his followers considered Sedan as the national revenge for the damnation of *Tannhäuser*, and the success of the Tetralogy as the natural complement of the occupation of Alsace and Lorraine. This may or may not be true; but it is at any rate certain that, in death as in life, he wields a real political influence. He remains a bugbear to the French as he remains a hero to the Germans. He willed that it should be so, and—a number of silly persons aiding—his will has become law. A consequence of the siege of Paris was the production of the ignoble *Capitulation*. A consequence of the SCHNAEBELE incident has been the postponement *sine die* of the production at the Eden Theatre of WAGNER's best known and best loved opera.

The Parisians have never forgiven *Une Capitulation*, nor have they ever lost sight of the fact that WAGNER posed consistently as a hater of France and a scorner of French music. It was not till years after the war that MM. PASDELOUP and COLONNE could venture to ask them to listen to excerpts from his work. If his name were included in the programmes of the Château d'Eau or the Conservatoire, it was pretty certain there would be a row. No matter what the example might be—the *Walkürenritt*, or the *Tannhäuser* overture, or the *Trauermarsch*, or the prelude to *Lohengrin*, or the *Feuerzauber*, or the duet from *Tristan und Isolde*—it was understood that WAGNER was anathema, and that his trombones must be accompanied on the national sifflet. It was unreasonable, no doubt; but it was WAGNER's own work, and, from the point of view of a somewhat wooden-headed patriotism, the position of the obstructionists was intelligible enough. Since the Master's death, however, a change has been operated in public opinion. The exertions of MM. PASDELOUP and COLONNE and LAMOUREUX—M. LAMOUREUX above all—have borne good fruit; and WAGNER's music has been listened to as attentively and applauded as rapturously in Paris as at Bayreuth, at the Cirque d'Hiver as at St. James's Hall, with Dr. RICHTER in command of the orchestra. A Frenchman, M. ADOLPHE JULLIEN, has produced what is, with all its faults, the best and fullest Life of WAGNER in existence. Unflattering comparisons have been instituted between WAGNER and BERLIOZ himself—BERLIOZ, "the French BEETHOVEN," as soon after the peace his countrymen began to insist on calling him; and, finally, ignoring the existence of *La Prise de Troie* (which has never yet been played), and *Bénédict et Béatrice*, and *Les Troyens*, and *Benvenuto Cellini*, M. LAMOUREUX has been for months past engaged in rehearsing *Lohengrin* at the Eden Theatre, with a view to compelling the acceptance of WAGNER in opera, as he had already compelled the acceptance of Wagnerian pure music. M. LAMOUREUX is an artist as well as a fervent Wagnerite; and on this production, which was to have taken place on Monday night, he spared neither time nor money, neither energy nor good-will. He engaged a double company; the theatre was let to him; he spent something like 8,000*l.* in making the best of things and introducing his idol to the Parisian public under circumstances so felicitous and complete as to make failure impossible; and "the pulse of the nation" having been "stirred" by the kidnapping of SCHNAEBELE, he is left to console

himself as best he may. There were fears of "an anti-German demonstration"; it was surmised, and probably with correctness, that M. PAUL DEROULÈDE and his henchman would appear on the scene, boiling with patriotic fury, and armed to the teeth with cat-calls and penny trumpets; and, as we have said, the Parisians will see and hear nothing of *Lohengrin* for some time to come.

It is a silly and depressing business; and one could wish, for the honour of France and the credit of French intelligence, that M. LAMOUREUX had scored, not a defeat, but a glorious victory. Opinions are, and will remain, divided as to the real qualities of WAGNER's work; but there can be no question that to refuse it a hearing is to inflict a great and lasting injury upon art and the cause of art. WAGNER the politician is dead. WAGNER the musician remains afoot; and there is every possible reason why his pretensions should be as carefully considered in France, and his merits and defects as fairly weighed, as they have been already in Italy and England and America. Art has no politics; and it is a proof of the radical imperfectness of WAGNER's character and intelligence that he did his best to confound the artist with the politician, and in his single person to be both. M. LAMOUREUX has proved to his cost how thoroughly the work was done; but it is greatly to be hoped that his opponents may see their error at once, and be generous enough to give him his revenge. There is something pitiful and disheartening in the spectacle of a whole great nation engaged in aping the meanness and the folly of one particular dead man; and the sooner that its attitude is changed, and it abandons its design of paying WAGNER in WAGNER's own coin, and visiting its resentment upon him in precisely the same spirit as his own—the spirit, that is, which makes him yet hateful and contemptible in its eyes—the better, for not only the peace of Europe, but the credit of modern civilization. Meanwhile, the real loser is not M. LAMOUREUX, but France. The case of *Lohengrin*—or three-fourths of *Lohengrin*—has been pleaded victoriously everywhere save in Paris; and in refusing to listen to *Lohengrin* that city, "the brain of the world," "the flambeau of the universe," has spoiled its reputation for artistic intelligence as well as common sense, and denied itself the pleasure of hearing not a little vigorous, picturesque, and stirring music.

FAIRS AND MARKETS.

MR. BRADLAUGH has not only had the good fortune to discover an apparent grievance, but he has persuaded the House of Commons to take a preliminary step to its redress. Two or three members concurred in his complaint of the constitution and privileges of public markets, and nothing was said on the other side. The PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD agreed to issue a Royal Commission of Inquiry; and whenever Parliament resumes the business of legislation some measure may probably be founded on the Report which will in due time be forthcoming. If Mr. BRADLAUGH's statements are correct, market tolls raise the price of food and of other commodities both by their direct operation and through the discouragement which they are said to impose on producers. In some cases the right of holding a market belongs to private persons; elsewhere it is vested in municipal bodies; but it would seem that local administration is not always satisfactory. One of the speakers in the short debate complained of the alleged injustice of a Private Bill which had given a corporation certain market rights. Objection was also taken to the practice of letting market dues to contractors who, as it was said, ride away with the tolls in their pockets without contributing to local revenues. The Commission will find that there is a large diversity of practice; and also that there are often conflicting interests to be examined and, if possible, reconciled. The mover may be excused for possible exaggeration of evils which, as he seemed to intimate, would almost justify revolutionary methods of correction. The only systematic legislation on the subject is contained in the Markets and Fairs Clauses Act, 1847 (10 & 11 Vict. c. 14). By the practice of Parliament the clauses are incorporated in every special Act for the construction or regulation of a market; and as no material alteration has been made in the course of forty years, it may be assumed that the clauses are reasonable and more or less satisfactory.

The Markets and Fairs Bill, like the other Consolidation

Acts, was a codification of the provisions which had been from time to time found expedient to be inserted in private Bills. The measure, of course, only applies when it has been incorporated with a local Act; but it expresses the deliberate policy of Parliament in the matters to which it refers. Nearly all large towns, with the usual exception of London, have within twenty or thirty years obtained Improvement Acts, in which the market clauses are incorporated. It would be a mistake to suppose that in these cases the existing law and practice are either chaotic or obsolete. The same clauses have been incorporated with Acts promoted by Joint-stock Companies. A large number of markets remain in which abuses or inconveniences may be found, and the Royal Commission will both record difficulties and suggest measures for removing them. For some purposes they will almost certainly take the Consolidation Act as their guide. The clauses provide for the acquisition of land, either by compulsion or agreement; for the erection and management of slaughterhouses, if they are authorized by the special Act; for the construction of roads and other means of access, for levying and recovering tolls, for making by-laws, and for other purposes connected with markets. One of the clauses establishes a monopoly, which Mr. BRADLAUGH seemed to consider unjust. "After the market-place is open to public use, any person other than a licensed hawkker who shall sell or expose for sale in any place within the prescribed limits, except in his own dwelling-place or shop, any articles in respect of which tolls are by the special Act authorized to be taken in the market," shall be liable to a penalty of forty shillings. The accommodation supplied by the undertakers is supposed to justify the partial exclusion of competition.

It must be remembered that markets established under Parliamentary authority are in their present shape, if not in their original form, modern, and even recent. The special Acts have provided compensation for valuable rights which may have been abolished or modified for public purposes. Ancient markets have been, like other incorporeal hereditaments, lawfully acquired, under grants from the Crown, by inheritance or purchase; and, if the State or a corporate body wishes to dispossess the holders, it is bound to provide full compensation. Mr. BRADLAUGH mentioned supposed abuses, encroachments, and neglected duties as reasons for interfering with market franchises belonging to private persons. If their powers have been exceeded, there must be a legal remedy. It is highly probable that in all, or nearly all, the cases which were mentioned the owner has only exercised his legal rights. One of the speakers complained that a certain owner of a market had erected a gate across the entrance to a place where cattle was sold. At this gate he levied a toll, which, if the story is true, had probably nothing to do with his claims as owner of the market. Any man may put a fence across his field; and, if there is no public right of way, he may charge any sum which he thinks fit for permission to pass the barrier. The supposed offender apparently took advantage of his position as a landowner to resist some adverse claim which may or may not have related to the market. When no equivalent accommodation is provided, the exaction of tolls naturally seems invidious; but the remedy is not to seize it, but to buy it; and, if compulsory powers are needed, the Commission will probably recommend that they should be bestowed on local authorities.

An odd story was told in the House of three hundred hucksters, or probably licensed hawkers, who had been excluded from a certain market-place, and who ultimately forced their way in. It was scarcely clear whether the hawkers were victims or perpetrators of irregular proceedings; nor were the offenders identified. It is not impossible that a feud may have arisen between itinerant dealers who paid no rates and the permanent inhabitants of the town. Tradesmen have no love for travelling dealers who undersell them in their own markets. It may be that, as Mr. BRADLAUGH said, their discouragement of competition is inconsistent with Free-trade principles; but, if they can lawfully exclude their rivals, they will continue to disregard the duties of commercial hospitality. The regular frequenters of the market are mulcted in payment of tolls, and they have the merit of being buyers as well as sellers. In most parts of the country the market is a kind of weekly festival, and it furnishes the shops of the market town with their most abundant harvest. If it is true that in some places the farmers are deterred by high tolls from sending their produce to market, there is an undoubted need of legislative interference; but in the meantime the tolls are

valuable property, which ought not to be alienated except on payment of full compensation. Mr. BRADLAUGH says that he has never been a revolutionist, and it is true that he has on various occasions offered resistance to Socialist proposals. It may be hoped that, if he has a seat on the Royal Commission, he will oppose any proposal of confiscation. The property which is owned by the smallest number of persons is most exposed to spoliation. English landholders are in danger only because they are comparatively few in number, and the owners of markets in the whole kingdom might be easily counted. Their support at a general election would not be worth having; and yet the peculiar kind of property which they possess is as much entitled to the protection of the law as land or houses or public funds. The principle of expropriation for the public convenience has sometimes been used as a precedent for communistic schemes. It is, in fact, a safety-valve which sometimes relieves a dangerous pressure. Compulsory purchase under general or special Acts is the legitimate method of removing any public inconvenience which may be caused by exercise of the rights of property. The knowledge that compulsion will in the last resort be applied frequently facilitates a voluntary sale. It was perhaps natural that the debate in the House of Commons on an unopposed motion should be confined to a statement of hardships, and not extend to the provision of a remedy.

The plausible statement that the owners of markets have been relieved from a mediæval obligation to protect traders from violence has, even if it is partially true, little connexion with the rights of the present owners. As a country becomes, through the operation of various causes, quiet and orderly, all classes necessarily profit by increased security. Their property becomes intrinsically, and perhaps comparatively, more valuable when houses no longer need the presence of the occupier as a strong man armed. The duty of providing proper market accommodation for dealers varies with circumstances. When it is legally binding there is no need for legislation, and modern requirements are almost always in excess of the provisions which were deemed sufficient in ancient times. Even within living memory the public opinion of a country town was not shocked by the holding of a cattle fair in the most frequented streets. It might happen that the owner of the market did little or nothing in consideration of the revenue which he collected. If he neglected his duty, he might be compelled to perform it; but he was entitled to insist on the letter of his bond. It is of the essence of property that it should be free from all but definite and stipulated incumbrances. The right of holding a market was almost always given as a benefit to the grantee, though he might be liable to certain services or payments as conditions of the privilege. The Royal Commission will certainly ascertain that many markets are insufficiently provided with accommodation, and that the tolls are to a certain extent a burden on local trade. It will not improbably recommend that the rights of the owners should be transferred to the actual or future county governing bodies. The existing defects will perhaps not assume on detailed investigation the large proportions which were depicted by Mr. BRADLAUGH and his supporters. In any contingency, the only question of primary importance will affect compensation for property which may be taken.

CENTRAL ASIAN ASPARAGUS.

CENTRAL Asia is the land of romance and fable. Here are lamas, ants as large as foxes, according to HERODOTUS, and forests of asparagus, useful as cover, and invaluable as food to the armies of Russia. In the steppes of Akhal Tekiz the grass grows as tall as a tall man, and as thick as the arm of the late Mr. JACKSON, Lord BYRON's tutor. Enormous flocks of canards have their habitation in the thickets of asparagus, and are exported for European consumption. One single tree of asparagus will feed ten Russian soldiers, and we only hope that the entire Russian military force may be maintained for years on this agreeable fruit of the earth, with or without melted butter, according to taste. By the way, India is the land of melted butter (the natives call it *ghee*), and it would not surprise us to find Mme. de NOVIKOFF arguing that India is therefore naturally part and parcel of the Czar's dominions. He who owns the grass has a natural, indefeasible claim to the *ghee*. The sweet reasonableness of this must have already occurred to Mr. GLADSTONE, who has been flirting with the Vegetarian vote.

While the *Standard* devotes a leading article to the Central Asian asparagus, other marvels of the latest stoppers the Czar has taken appear to have escaped the notice of the newspapers. The "shoots" of the asparagus have a range of 15,000 yards, with a low trajectory and an explosive power which is to melinite as melinite is to gunpowder. The difficulty of transport is at once overcome by the size, docility, and swiftness of the rabbits and hares which, ignorant of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's Bill, grow to magnificent proportions. The common rabbit of Akhal Tekiz reaches the mean height of fifteen hands, and its speed is in proportion. These animals are invaluable, either for mounted infantry (their downy covering being peculiarly grateful to the inexperienced equestrian, who scarcely feels the usual results of hard trotting) or for transport service. The hares are still taller, harder, and more speedy, while their huge, erect ears afford excellent cover to the rider. So far some little difficulty has been felt in breaking these hares in for military purposes. They are also distinctly "gun-shy," and a charge of harery (if "camelry," why not "harery"?) need not appal even the British soldier, with his tin bayonet and nursery pen-rifle. As the frogs of Akhal Tekiz are a good deal bigger than ordinary crocodiles, there is some idea of mustering a frog force for river service. The bees also rival the celebrated "best bee" of Slavonic fable. Everything, indeed, in Akhal Tekiz is in the same heroic proportion, and the Zoological Gardens of St. Petersburg are going to be at once enlarged by several hundreds of versts for the convenience of including specimens. The usefulness of these Central Asian fauna for the transport of the celebrated naphtha and petroleum of the Steppes is also incalculable. With all these advantages, it seems a curious fact in human nature that Russia does not feel at all inclined to stop in her eastern and southern progress. Asparagus such as ALEXANDER never knew already overshadows her markets, and makes her independent of the corn of Odessa and the staple tallow candle of popular delusion. But ambition, as GEORGE OSBORNE remarks in the surviving chapter of his "Ethics," is selfish and insatiable. Russia, not content with asparagus beyond the dreams of Covent Garden, and with beans probably equal to that of the celebrated JACK, has her eye on the pagoda-tree, and is intriguing with Mr. PATRICK CASEY. Fortunately the pagoda-tree has been pretty exhaustively shaken by this time, and may produce less than the inheritors of unparalleled asparagus expect. Better it were to examine, with scientific minuteness, the interesting problem, Who were the mysterious race that cultivated the Akhal-Tekiz asparagus to its present gigantic proportions? Science maintains that wild asparagus is weedy and slender. Only under cultivation does it grow about as thick as the human thumb. Who, then, cultivated it till it became as thick as the human arm? Or might it not be still more scientific to ask who floated, in a season not more silly than all recent seasons, this portentous substitute for the enormous gooseberry?

THE MAY MEETINGS.

IT has been suggested by some philologists that the month of May owes its conventional epithet of "merry" partly to the presence of east wind and partly to the frequency of May Meetings. The fast and furious gaiety of these annual gatherings, which are supposed to initiate Christian brethren from the country into the sophisticated subtleties of London life, breaks out, in eager anticipation, before oysters and April have departed together. The impatience which characterizes the victims of this gregarious intoxication, especially if they be teetotallers, is accountable for the acceleration of their festivities. Mr. RICHARD WATSON, the ingenious chairman of the Baptist Missionary Society, has pressed the Budget into the service of that body. He thinks it would be very nice if every one would give the penny remitted from the Income-tax to the support of Baptist missions. As this would amount to something like two millions of money, the modesty of the suggestion cannot be too highly praised. The objects of the South American Missionary Society are, as MACAULAY said of Mr. GLADSTONE's eloquence, vast and vague. "It is the only 'Church of England mission in South America, except that 'in British Guiana,' which seems to indicate a deplorable lack of missionary zeal within the bosom of the Establishment. 'The field of the operations of the Society 'covers an area of more than seven millions of square

"miles," and it is undeniable that many gentlemen who leave Europe for South America are very fit objects for any reforming agency. The religious and philanthropic enthusiasm of Sir JOHN GORST is so well known that nothing seems more natural than to find him standing on the platform with the Archbishop of CANTERBURY to advocate the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts. But when the ARCHBISHOP acknowledges with reluctance that "there are parts of the world where Mohammedanism is doing more good than Christianity," it is difficult not to be reminded of Mr. STANDISH's reply to CALEB GARTH.

The Baptist Union has determined to elect a Board for a very remarkable purpose. The duty, or one of the duties, of this singular council will be that of "introducing pastors and churches to each other." Since ALICE was introduced to the leg of mutton, we have not seen anything quite so funny as this. How will it be done? "Alice, Mutton," "Mutton, Alice," was simple enough. But, as the idolatrous practice of naming places of worship after saints is not countenanced by the dissidence of Dissent, difficulties of nomenclature might conceivably arise. The Baptists have a Total Abstinence Society, a Bible Translation Society, and a Zenana Mission, as well as a Missionary Society and a Union. In fact, they are pretty thoroughly organized; and it must be an effort for a Baptist who has not the genius of Mr. SPURGEON to lead an individual life at all. In their character of total abstainers the Baptists listen to the sweet music of Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT. The Church of England Temperance Society rejoices in the advocacy of the Bishop of LONDON. It is a very good thing to be temperate, not only in alcoholic liquors, but also in language and lemonade. It is a very bad thing for people to suppose that temperance is specially meritorious, and not that intemperance is specially disgraceful. To confound temperance with total abstinence, as the Bishop of LONDON seems to do, is, of course, absurd. Dr. JOHNSON gave up wine altogether, for the publicly avowed reason that he could not drink in moderation. Everybody who cannot drink in moderation should do the same. If people find that taking pledges, and winning badges, and writing their names on illuminated cards, are the only barriers between themselves and intoxication, they do right in performing these ceremonies; for it is better to make a fool than to make a beast of yourself. But they cannot expect the "moderate drinkers," whom they pretend to despise, to admire or imitate them. The Bishop of LONDON says that the movement has been "quietly put down by leading newspapers," whatever that may mean. The Bishop probably shares the opinion of most public men, that their speeches are not reported at sufficient length. A full account of the May Meetings would exclude all other topics from the columns of the daily press, and no one who had not spoken at one of the functions in question would buy a single copy of any paper. But it may, no doubt, be said of the people who attend May Meetings, as one says of one's most disagreeable acquaintances, that they "mean well."

EX-MAYOR CLYMER'S DISCOVERIES.

DAVID R. CLYMER, of Evergreen Place, Reading, Pa., U.S.A., sometime mayor of the city of his residence, has been making discoveries. Out of general benevolence, and more especially in order "to relieve the sick and afflicted," he has given them to the world, and urges others to do so, on the ground that it is "a God-like act." They are three in number, and they reach us on a postcard of the Universal Postal Union.

No. 1 may be not inaptly described as the Universal Postal Onion. "Onions inhaled," says the postcard, "cause sleep, rest, and refreshment." The onion should be tied round the neck, and bruised "to make its odor thorough." The researches which conducted ex-Mayor CLYMER to this discovery were somewhat peculiar in their scope. "The Soldier on his march and the exhausted Iron Worker get great strength from eating the onion." If it is really the fact that in the United States the consumption of onions has hitherto been confined to Soldiers on the march and exhausted Iron Workers, it would seem that they "didn't know everythin' down in" America. However this may be, the ex-Mayor's discovery has led to two interesting correspondences. FR. C. ROTZELL writes from Astoria, Long Island, New York, to the *New York World*, to say that, having heard of Mr. CLYMER's discovery, he tried

it on his own son. Master ROTZELL, who is seven years old, was convalescent after "a most malignant attack of scarlet fever," and had "kept his parents awake for the last twelve days [nights] by his nervous sleep-lessness." So they tied an onion "around his neck," and he slept like a lamb. Now convalescence is, in childhood, undoubtedly favourable to naughtiness, and it is probable enough that any boy would try to be good if he knew that persistence in an opposite course of conduct was likely to result in his having to go on sleeping, with an onion tied round his neck, especially if the onion had its odor made thorough first. The experiment is valuable; but the guess may be hazarded, for the benefit of similarly afflicted parents who may be short of onions, or of string, that the same happy result would probably have followed from the application of another vegetable—a portion of the birch-tree—to a different part of Master ROTZELL's frame. The other correspondence is between ex-Mayor CLYMER and President CLEVELAND. The ex-Mayor says he knows three things which "will keep you certainly in good tone for years yet to come." The first two are the due administration of onion, directions for which are given with a minuteness recalling the celebrated recipe "For making Gosky Patties." The third is to take a tumbler of water, nearly hot, every morning. The ex-Mayor knows of a gentleman who has done so "for four years in a little salt," and his weight has increased in that time from 130 lbs. to "176 lbs. revolutionary weight." One would have thought that a President would hardly wish to attain to "revolutionary weight," and the phrase is puzzling, for there are believed to be many Tories in this country who weigh 12 st. 8 lbs. and upwards. The ex-Mayor concludes by wishing the PRESIDENT and Mrs. CLEVELAND many years of happy wedded life. The PRESIDENT's answer throws a curious light on the responsibilities of his high office. It is well known that on New Year's Day every free American has a right to shake hands with him. It would seem as if every free American has also a right to give him good advice on any day, and generally avails himself of it. For the following is clearly a common form, probably lithographed:—"Dear Sir,—The PRESIDENT desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your recent letter containing suggestions intended to aid him in freeing himself from rheumatic troubles, and to assure you of his appreciation of your friendly interest. Very truly yours, D. S. LAMONT, Private Secretary." The words here italicized are the only ones which the Secretary would have to fill in.

The second discovery of the ex-Mayor is briefly stated, and has more interest for Americans than for Englishmen. It is that, if furnaces have double pipes, they give more heat and burn less coal.

The third discovery is communicated in terms so remarkable as to deserve reproduction:—"FALLS ON ICE AND STAIRS happen like the lightning flash—*instantly*. The mind should ever be on *danger*. You then poise the limbs so that you cannot fall. Think for a moment on 'parties' or 'star-gazing,' and you fall,—Death often the result." That is the whole of the postcard's concluding paragraph. The question why it is impossible to think for a moment on star-gazing without falling, and death being often the result, is as mysterious as the affinity between bruised onions and exhausted Iron Workers. As for "parties," we can only thank Heaven that the rule does not prevail in England. We would not for worlds hazard an opinion as to what sort of parties is meant, but it is clear that a rigid application of the principle to this island for a single day would play havoc either with our politicians or with our young ladies. The latter event would be much the worse of the two, but neither would be free from inconvenience. Perhaps, however, it is only on ice or stairs that it is so necessary to poise the limbs.

SPEECHES OF THE WEEK.

SPEECHES of importance outside Parliament are so much more frequent now than they used to be that the persistence of Parliament itself in going on talking is a little wonderful. During the past week some speeches of much more importance than anything said in the House of Commons, at least on the Irish subject, have been delivered. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's utterances in Scotland have the force and directness which have characterized his utterances throughout this matter, which have raised him (quite apart

from any considerations of opinion) a great way in the scale of politicians, and which have inflicted the bitterest annoyance on those of his former colleagues who have less courage, less honesty, or less intelligence than himself. Fault has been found with those parts of his speech at Stornoway which deal with his hopes for the renewal of an actively Radical political programme. We are unable to see either the justice or the expediency of this fault-finding. It has been repeatedly pointed out that the Unionist alliance between Tories and Liberal-Radicals is strictly an alliance *ad hoc*, involving no kind of compromise or transaction dishonourable to either party, and we no more expect Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to blink his views and stifle his feelings than we intend to blink or stifle our own. But, in order fully to appreciate the excellence of the Union position, it is to the speeches of the opponents of the Union that we must look. Of these, Lord SPENCER's is the most interesting. No one's adhesion to the cause of Murder has been such an astonishment as Lord SPENCER's adhesion. Mr. GLADSTONE would now surprise no sane person if he espoused any cause whatever. Of his chief lieutenants, some are men honestly committed to views and schemes of politics which may possibly in their eyes justify, and which will certainly be helped by the surrender to Home Rule. Some are persons with little or no political reputation to lose, condottieri who will fight for Clan Chattan or Clan Quhele according to the prospect of pay and allowances. Some are stupid men, some are fanatics, some are animated by a pure love of political mischief, and are naturally attracted to any scheme which is sure to do the body politic harm. But Lord SPENCER is none of these. If, as he remarked with some dignity (it was about the only one of his remarks at Battersea that had much of that quality), he is no orator, he has much of that plain, straightforward, unadorned way of speaking which gave Lord ALTHORP—Mr. SPENCER of another generation—and gives Lord HARTINGTON authority. No one but the Irish members, to whom he now plays compurgator, ever attacked his honesty, and no one but lunatics ever disbelieved in it. He knows, or ought to know, Ireland. He has nothing to gain as mere political adventurers have. He has, or had, a reputation, if not for intellectual brilliancy, at least for common sense. And yet he is a Home Ruler—that is to say, he has adopted a cause every adherent to which must be either dishonest or incapable, or blinded by some special prepossession or influence to the extent of disabling his judgment.

How far Lord SPENCER's judgment is disabled may be seen without any very laborious study of his speech. The precise disabling cause may not appear, the disablement we should have thought must be evident even to those who agree (if any of them have any clearness of sight left) in Lord SPENCER's conclusions. Let us, for the sake of argument, grant those conclusions. How does Lord SPENCER arrive at them? He believes that Mr. PARNELL—the Mr. PARNELL of the "coat" and other matters—does not wish for Separation, because he has given "deliberate solemn assurances" that he does not. Lord SPENCER further thinks that the Irish do not wish for Separation, because one of them said so while electioneering at Taunton. He believes that Mr. PARNELL has not connived at crime, partly again because Mr. PARNELL says so, and partly because he, Lord SPENCER, has no official cognizance of the connivance—the very thing that, according to the other side, Mr. PARNELL and the Parnellites deliberately and successfully schemed to prevent. He thinks that Mr. GLADSTONE is right in surrendering to Mr. PARNELL, because Lord CARNARVON (very unwisely as we hold) sounded Mr. PARNELL on certain points, and then Lord SALISBURY did not surrender to Mr. PARNELL. But the most wonderful paralogism of all occurred in Lord SPENCER's dealings with what the apologists of crime call jury-packing. He showed conclusively that the persons challenged, and rightly challenged, were almost necessarily Roman Catholics, and then he asked whether it was wonderful that the Irish people were irritated? And all these extraordinary arguments (the futility of every one of which must be apparent to every candid Home Ruler, if there is such a thing) he addressed to an audience so crassly stupid or so blindly prejudiced that they indulged in "loud laughter" at the quotation of the statement that "the repression of crime would secure to all the exercise of their rights and the enjoyment of their liberties." It would be a little interesting to see whether "loud laughter" would express the feelings of one of these Battersea laughers if the bludgeons that smashed the JOYCES were over his head.

Lord ROSEBERRY's speech at Glasgow is a curiosity in another way. Although it is as uncompromisingly Separatist as Lord SPENCER's, it does not, we fear, exhibit to the expert that obvious sincerity which Lord SPENCER has contrived—Heaven only knows how—to retain in the midst of his delusion. We should be very sorry to charge Lord ROSEBERRY with taking the same line as, for instance, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT; but his speech reads most alarmingly like the speech of a man who, having hesitated for a considerable time between the right-hand road and the left, has taken the left, and is employing not inconsiderable wits to make believe—to make others, and perhaps even himself, believe—in his own conviction. The speech was in its way, no doubt, a lively and amusing speech. We do not, indeed, know that the "tin saucepan" of political philosophy at which Lord ROSEBERRY laughed is a much more despicable utensil than the tin trumpet of Scotch pseudo-patriotism which he is so singularly fond of blowing, and which he blew once more on Wednesday. The performance, however, was creditable to Lord ROSEBERRY's skill in advocacy, for it at once propitiated his audience and cleared the way for the only argument that he used—the old "Suppose what has been done in Ireland had been done 'in Scotland?'" fallacy. How great that fallacy is even a Glasgow audience of yelling Radicals might have seen if they had not been properly excited beforehand with "Scots 'wha hae'" on the tin trumpet. For it is sufficient and final to say that Scotland has been treated, and ought to be treated, differently from Ireland precisely because Scotland has behaved, and behaves, differently from Ireland. All through the rest of the speech it is almost impossible to find anything that can be dignified with the name of argument, even fallacious argument. The stale and inapplicable "history"; the impudent repetition of the absurdity that cutting a tie means "substituting a solid and real 'union'"; the idle personal chaff about Lord HARTINGTON, and the Duke of ARGYLL, and Mr. GOSCHEN, and the *Times*; the claptrap about "a man's a man for a' that"; the *suggestio falsi* that, when Tories and Home Rulers combined to turn out Mr. GLADSTONE, the combination was parallel to the alliance between Home Rulers and Gladstonians to destroy, not the Tories, but the Union—all these things were discreditable enough to a speaker of Lord ROSEBERRY's alert and discursive, if not very profound, intelligence. But the most serious passage for those who would like to believe in Lord ROSEBERRY's sincerity was the wonderful citation from Mr. LECKY about the conduct of the Irish Parliament in regard to foreign policy. As it happens, we do not here quite agree with Mr. LECKY, though we agree with Lord ROSEBERRY that at the present moment Separatists have a perfect right to quote Mr. LECKY if they can against Unionists. But what then? Suppose that what Mr. LECKY says is absolutely correct. Does Lord ROSEBERRY, who has been studying Irish history; Lord ROSEBERRY, who is an educated man and an experienced politician; Lord ROSEBERRY, who has actually had the direction of foreign affairs in his hands, argue from the asserted conduct of GRATTAN's Parliament to the probable conduct of Mr. PARNELL's?—from GRATTAN's Parliament, which consisted of what SWIFT calls "the true English people of Ireland," which was exclusively Protestant, mainly landlord, and to a great extent under the direct influence of Government place-holders and place-seekers, to a Parliament the most respectable constituents of which would be Roman Catholics of the type of Drs. CROKE and WALSH and the least respectable Irish-Americans of the type of the Invincibles? If he argued thus sincerely, then we can only say that the strange eclipse of intelligence which seems to be a *sequela* of Gladstonianism has never shown itself more strangely. But, if he thought that an ignorant audience would not observe his thus ringing the changes on them, why then we have an addition, and a very deplorable one, to a blacker list still.

SIR JOHN MELLOR.

THE venerable lawyer who died on Tuesday night was a representative example of the gains which professional life in England offers to men who, without being geniuses, or in any way extravagantly gifted by fortune, follow it assiduously and honourably. Sir JOHN MELLOR enjoyed an extensive, but not otherwise than commonplace, practice at the Bar, arising for the most part out of his attendance on the Midland Circuit, occupied a seat in the Court of Queen's Bench—which was transmogrified during

his period of office into the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court—for seventeen or eighteen years with credit to himself and advantage to the public, and enjoyed a life of retirement for eight years more before he died, at the age of seventy-eight, after a career of unbroken prosperity and respectability. He sat in Parliament for some years as a Liberal, in days when most of the middle-class in England were Liberals, and probably owed his promotion to the Bench, like many other good judges past and present, to the fact that he had for some time given faithful Parliamentary support to the party then in office. It is generally acknowledged that he was not remarkable among his colleagues on the Bench either for exceptionally profound learning or for peculiar subtlety of thought. He was not what some lawyers—especially those who are students first and practitioners afterwards—delight to call a “jurist.” But in the two most practically important functions which a judge of the High Court has to discharge—those of presiding at *Nisi Prius* and in criminal cases—he had few superiors in fairness, firmness, and good sense. These are the qualities which a judge should have in order to entitle him to be called just.

To the public at large Mr. Justice MELLOR was probably best known as one of the three judges before whom ORTON was convicted of perjury, on which occasion it was his duty, as senior puisne of the Court, to pass sentence upon the pretender whom he lived to see serve his time and sink into oblivion. The most celebrated of his other trials was that of the three Fenians who murdered Sergeant BRETT at Manchester. A special commission was issued for their trial, and Justices BLACKBURN and MELLOR were appointed to hear the case. The service was one of some danger, from which Sir JOHN MELLOR was the last man to flinch. A story has often been told of how, on his return to London after the trial, he walked from the station to his house in Sussex Square, and was seized, while opening the door with his latchkey, by a detective who had been ordered to guard the house for the judge's protection. It is also to be remembered, to the credit of both judges, that they refused the application of the counsel for the defence that a case should be reserved for the opinion of the judges, upon the question whether the warrant upon which the prisoners in charge of Sergeant BRETT had been arrested was so defective as to raise the question whether the crime could be reduced to manslaughter. The judges were, as they still are, bound to exercise their judgment upon such cases, and not to reserve a case unless they were really in doubt about the law. Lord BLACKBURN and Sir JOHN MELLOR did not doubt that the warrant was sufficiently good to make the custody lawful, and the killing consequently murder—even if the attempted rescue had been unpremeditated, which it was not. Nevertheless, in a case of so much prejudice, it was obviously by far the easier and pleasanter course to reserve a case, and so throw upon the whole body of the judges the responsibility of affirming the conviction. They had the courage to resist this temptation, and it should be recorded in their favour.

For the last year or two of his tenure of office Mr. Justice MELLOR was troubled by an increasing deafness, which finally compelled him to take the retiring pension which he had earned some time before. After his retirement, he lived happy in the prosperity of his descendants, and in the affectionate respect which his gentle and kindly nature ensured from every one who knew him.

MR. GLADSTONE AND “RED SHIRT.”

ONE of the most interesting incidents of the week has been the visit paid by Mr. GLADSTONE to the American Exhibition, and therein particularly the conversation held by him with that eminent Sioux whose name promises to become as familiar to the public as if he were a professional beauty. Nothing could be better in its way than the interview between the two chiefs as reported in yesterday's newspapers. Immediately on his arrival at the Indian encampment, Mr. GLADSTONE was introduced to “Red Shirt” by JOHN NELSON, one of the most “experienced of American trappers, who conducted “BRIGHAM YOUNG to Salt Lake City when the prophet set “out in quest of that territory”; and, having been asked whether he would like to hold any conversation with the noble savage, suggested that the interpreter should inquire of him how he liked the English climate. “Red Shirt's”

reply is well worthy of notice. He answered that he had hardly had sufficient experience to be able to say; and Mr. GLADSTONE, curiously enough, instead of precipitately and imperiously demanding an immediate decision on insufficient data, allowed the chief to remain in the “reflective “stage” until such time as he should feel really qualified to answer the question. Mr. GLADSTONE then proceeded to what he must have regarded, we suppose, as a simpler line of interrogatory. He asked “Red Shirt” if he thought that “there was that cordial relationship between the two “great sections of the English-speaking race—the people of “England and the people of the United States—that there “ought to be between two nations that were so much akin.” To which “Red Shirt” replied that he did not know much about that.

A more disappointing answer to an eminently sensible question we do not remember to have met with since ARTEMUS WARD's unfortunate experience of much the same kind. He, if we recollect rightly, addressed a somewhat similar inquiry to a child of nature whom he met in a bar-room, and records, as his companion's reply, that “he said “he would take some hash.” The response of “Red Shirt” was less evasive than this, but it was almost equally provoking. Why on earth was he unprepared with a theory of his own on the subject of Mr. GLADSTONE's curiosity? What is the use of being a Sioux chief, of what avail are the goodness and the grace which have smiled upon the cradle of a Sioux chief, if you are not prepared at a moment's notice to say whether you think that the exact amount of “cordial relationship” which ought to subsist between two kindred peoples does, in fact, subsist between them? If a Sioux chief cannot answer such an easy question as that offhand, he might as well be a Board School boy in the Sixth Standard at once. As to “Red Shirt's” wretched excuse for not giving an opinion—namely, that “he did not know much about” the matter—it is perhaps the most striking example that he has yet given of his unacquaintance with the ways of civilized life. Even the youngest among us knows better than to be silenced by such a ridiculous scruple as that. Here, at any rate, the Christian child can give the grey barbarian a stone and a beating. “Red Shirt” should have had an opinion of his own on Anglo-American relations; and having given it, he would almost certainly have been next asked his opinion on Home Rule, which, if favourable to Mr. GLADSTONE's views, would also, beyond doubt, have been quoted by him as a fresh proof that the civilized world is on his side.

HAWKESWORTH'S ADVENTURER.

“TIME, which puts an end to all human pleasures and sorrows, concluded the labours of the *Rambler*” on March 14, 1752, and in the November of the same year appeared the first number of the *Adventurer*, by Dr. John Hawkesworth, who obtained the help of occasional contributions from Johnson, Warton, Bathurst, and the oracle of Miss Pinkerton's Academy, the celebrated Mrs. Chapone. The publication was intended to oppose the infidel literature of the day, to support revealed religion, and to win careless readers by moral fiction from reading of a baser sort. The concluding paper tells us that the author “concatenated” “events rather than deduced them by logical reasoning, and exhibited scenes of prosperity and distress as more forcible than the rhetoric of declamation.” In spite of passages like this, which is probably the worst in the book, the student of the Essayists will find it worth his while to read Hawkesworth's papers, as they reflect a transition time in our periodical-writing and have very distinct characteristic merits. Thirty-nine years had elapsed since the last *Spectator* appeared, and the aroma of Addison's manner is perceived very faintly in the pages of the *Adventurer*. There are only two papers distinctly in imitation of him—namely, the allegorical letters from Day and Night (Nos. 11 and 27). Still, Hawkesworth made a stand against the dominant style of the day, and rebelled against writing pure Johnsonese. He is, of course, closer in every sense to Johnson than to Addison, but he has an independent manner. Certainly he told stories of domestic life with rare force and simplicity. He very early hit the blot in the prevailing fashion when he criticized the moral tales then in vogue, with their ponderous dialogues and disquisitions. After saying that an incident impresses a truth more than declamation, he adds:—

But these advantages have not been always secured by those who have professed “to make a story the vehicle of instruction” and to “surprise levity into knowledge by a show of entertainment”; for, instead of including instruction in the events themselves, they have made use of events only to introduce declamation and argument. If the events excite curiosity, all the fine reflections which are said to be interspersed are passed over; if the events do not excite curiosity, the whole is rejected together, not only with disgust and disappointment, but indignation, as having

allured by a false promise and engaged in a vain pursuit. These pieces, if they are read as a task by those for whose instruction they are intended, can produce none of the effects for which they were written; because the instruction will not be necessarily remembered with the facts, and because the story is so far from recommending the moral that the moral is detested as interrupting the story (No. 16).

This passage embodies the experience of all those who have had to read or review novels written with a purpose, and contains a doctrine which those worthy persons who have been exercising themselves of late on the subject of what girls read will frankly and readily corroborate. It is evident that Hawkesworth was struggling to find a more excellent way; he was reaching upwards towards the light of truth and nature. Hence the most valuable papers in the *Adventurer* are the stories of the real people and real sufferings amongst which the writer lived. Johnson tried to picture the dark side of the life of Georgian London in the story of "Misella" (*Rambler*, No. 170), but the attempt was a failure. Had he chosen to draw on the experiences of the day when he and Savage wandered, ill clothed and ill fed, around the purlieus of Fleet Street, he might have written papers more thrilling than that of the "Daughter of Agamus" (*Adventurer*, No. 134); but he detested these memories, and preferred when he told stories to dress his personages in Eastern robes and turbans, and to make them talk with Eastern grandiloquence. Hawkesworth dared to let his everyday incidents speak for themselves; and, when he does this, he is well worth listening to. In effect the *Adventurer* tried to do with the pen what Benjamin West in his one courageous inspiration did with the pencil. Classicism and allegory had possession of the field, and when James Barry painted the death of General Wolfe, he represented French and English soldiers stark naked, like Roman gladiators. West dared to clothe his grenadiers in the uniforms they really wore. Thus Hawkesworth deserves honourable mention for daring to write naturally, and no history of English fiction should omit to notice the short well-told stories of "Mrs. Freeman," "Opinous," and "Melissa." They are sketches in the manner of Hogarth, as unflinching in their portraiture of "the everyday human face" of society as the "Rake's Progress" and "Marriage Alamode."

Of course the modern reader must be warned that some things will jar on his taste. The platitudes with which really sensible papers are introduced are sometimes trying. Thus we are told (No. 4) that "no species of writing affords so general entertainment as the relation of events, but all relations of events do not entertain in the same degree." This is quite in the manner of Dr. Johnson's Ghost in *Rejected Addresses*. Then we are often a little wearied with hearing what prodigious and abnormal efforts the author is making to supply us with some dozen pages of copy a week. Thus an amusing paper on "The Transmigrations of a Flea" is introduced with the following exordium (No. 5):—

I have before remarked that it is the peculiar infelicity of those who live by intellectual labour not to be always able equally to improve their time by application; there are seasons when the power of invention is suspended and the mind sinks into a state of debility from which it can no more recover itself than a person who sleeps can by a voluntary effort wake. I was sitting in my study a few nights ago in these perplexing circumstances, and after long rumination and many ineffectual attempts to start a hint which I might pursue in my lucubration of this day, I determined to go to bed, hoping that the morning would remove every impediment to study and restore the vigour of my mind.

Hawkesworth's vigour was not restored on the morning in question. It is to be seen when the climax of one of his family tragedies is reached. This is a specimen from a story on "Disimulation" (No. 56). Sir James Forrest has a quarrel with Captain Freeman and seeks him without success:—

It happened that Sir James did not find the Captain at home; he therefore left a billet in which he requested to see him at a neighbouring tavern, and added that he had put on his sword. [They meet, fight, the Captain is mortally wounded, and desires a word with Sir James in private.] This request was immediately granted; the persons who had rushed in withdrew, contenting themselves to keep guard at the door; and the Captain, beckoning Sir James to kneel down by him, then told him that "however his lady might have been surprised or betrayed by pride or fear into dissimulation or falsehood, she was innocent of the crime which he supposed her solicitous to conceal"; he then briefly related all the events as they had happened; and at last, grasping his hand, urged him to escape from the window that he might be a friend to his widow and to his child, if its birth should not be prevented by the death of its father. Sir James yielded to the force of this motive, and escaped as the Captain had directed.

This passage shows how thoroughly Hawkesworth could divest himself of the manner of the Octaveans among whom he lived. There is fun as well as pathos in his essays. Spinbrain's auction of curious and valuable manuscripts (No. 6) is clever. Modern managers might say with Lun Tertius, the pantomimist, "I don't doubt but my HELL will outdo whatever has been hitherto attempted of the kind, whether in its gloomy decoration, its horrors, its flames, or its devils."

CARDINAL BELLARMIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

ITTLE has hitherto been known of the life of the great Jesuit divine, Cardinal Bellarmine, except from biographies, or rather panegyrics, compiled by members of the Order with a view to promote his canonization. A special interest therefore attaches to the Autobiography which he drew up himself by command of his Superiors, as well from its being hitherto almost un-

known to the outer world, as because, not being written for publication, it tells with a frank naïveté, which is sometimes amusing, much which we might otherwise never have learnt at all. This *Selbstbiographie des Cardinals Bellarmine* (Neusser) has just appeared at Rome, in the original Latin and with a German translation, under the joint editorship of Dr. Dollinger and Professor Reusch, whose work on the Roman Index we noticed some years ago, and who is the most learned member of the Old Catholic community. The Life itself is short, occupying not much over twenty pages, but the editors have prefixed an Introduction of their own, and some 200 pages of illustrative Annotations dealing with many questions of permanent historical interest. A process for Bellarmine's canonization was commenced within a few years of his death, when he was officially entitled "a Venerable Servant of God," but objections were raised from various quarters, on grounds both of his character and his teaching, and the matter has accordingly hung fire from that day to this; "no Pope has yet declared that he possessed the theological and cardinal virtues in an heroic degree"; and one object apparently of the present publication is to suggest that in some of them—e.g. in humility—he was on his own showing manifestly deficient. Into that personal question however, which will probably rouse all the bellicose instincts of his Jesuit admirers, we need not enter here. The real interest of his biography lies in the fresh light it throws on the nature of his teaching and his relation to the public affairs of his day. And a mere enumeration of some of the salient points touched upon in the learned and elaborate commentary of the editors would alone suffice to show that the interest is not inconsiderable. Among these points are comprised for instance the proceedings of the Congregation of the Index, to which Bellarmine belonged; the rival editions of the Vulgate issued by successive Popes; the history and doctrine of Indulgences; the famous quarrel of Paul V. with the Venetian Republic; the attitude of Rome towards the Gunpowder Plot and the conspiracies against the life of Queen Elizabeth; the Roman way of reckoning General Councils; the execution of heretics at Rome, which some modern Ultramontanes have roundly denied; the much canvassed Congregations *de Auxiliis*, held to examine the predestinarian controversy raised by the writings of the Spanish Jesuit Molina at the close of the sixteenth century; the method and authority of Canonization, &c. To name these various points—and our list is not exhaustive—sufficiently indicates how much the volume contains of interest alike to the theological and the historical student, and both classes may safely be recommended to study it carefully for themselves. All that can be attempted here is to single out a few prominent illustrations of the kind of information they may expect to find.

It is a noteworthy sign of the papal spirit in that age that Sixtus V. placed the first volume of Bellarmine's controversial works in the Index Expurgatorius, because he only maintained the indirect, not the direct, temporal lordship of the Pope over the whole world, "the most liberal view," observe the editors, "held tolerable at Rome then"; and this is indeed clear enough. To a French Jesuit, who urged him to confine himself to vindicating the spiritual headship of the Pope—the other view was of course not tolerated by Louis XIV.—Bellarmine replied:—"If you lived at Rome you would judge differently—I should have in that case to reckon with the Inquisition." Meanwhile Bellarmine takes credit to himself for returning good for evil to Sixtus V., whose edition of the Vulgate was found after his death to contain some 2,000 errors, and therefore "non deerant viri graves qui censerent ea Biblia esse publice prohibenda;" but he advised on the contrary that the faulty edition should be at once called in and destroyed, and a new one be promptly issued *sub nomine ejusdem Sixti*, with a preface—which in fact he composed himself—explaining that "some errors had crept into the former edition through the carelessness of printers or copyists," so that the honour of the Pope—and the Papacy—might be saved. This very "Jesuitical" advice was followed, the fact being that the numerous errors in the Bible issued by Sixtus V. with the full weight of pontifical authority were his own, and were not due to typographical blunders. When this "lie" was urged as an objection to Bellarmine's canonization, it was replied with much force that it had been sanctioned by Cardinals and Popes, notably by Clement VIII., whom it would be most temerarious to implicate in the charge of falsehood. Nor was this a solitary instance of Bellarmine's shiftiness. When after long delays he at length brought out his treatise on Indulgences, and had to meet the difficulty that nothing of the kind, in the modern sense of the word, can be discovered during the first twelve centuries, he said that was not wonderful, for many usages had prevailed in the Church not mentioned by ancient writers, and moreover there were records in Rome of Indulgences granted by many early Popes, including St. Silvester. He ought to have known, and it seems from his private letters—which speak in a very different tone indeed about indulgences and "privileged altars"—that he did know, all these early authorities to be spurious. It is a pleasanter aspect of his private correspondence, though it hardly raises our opinion of his controversial honesty, to find him writing friendly letters to Sarpi, while they were engaged on opposite sides in the business of the Papal Interdict on Venice. He assured Sarpi that he had no personal quarrel with him, as each of them was only faithfully serving his own master, and he put him on his guard against the assassins about to start from Rome—he does not of course add with the sanction of the Pope. On a kindred point however of more direct interest to Englishmen he was tolerably outspoken. James I. after

the Gunpowder Plot formulated an oath for his Roman Catholic subjects repudiating, not the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, but his right to depose kings and absolve subjects from their allegiance. The Pope, with selfish disregard for anything but his own extravagant pretensions, forbade the English Catholics to take the oath, and Bellarmine wrote a treatise, largely based on spurious patristic authorities, to prove its unlawfulness. There were notoriously two parties at the time among English Roman Catholics, the moderate party, headed by the Archpriest, Blackwell, who supported the oath, and the Jesuit party who denounced it. Bellarmine threw his weight into the scale of the disaffected Jesuits, and insisted that while heresy or apostasy deprives heretical sovereigns of their rights, it does not deprive the Pope of his rights over them. The particular point in dispute was whether Father Garnet was rightly sentenced to death for withholding information which he had obtained, as he himself allowed, not "in confession, but only by way of confession." We have so lately had occasion to deal with that question that we need not revert to it here further than to remark that Bellarmine maintained, against "the consent of nearly all doctors," that Garnet was right.

The dispute as to the various conflicting methods of reckoning Ecumenical Councils—in other words, as to which Councils can really claim to be considered Ecumenical—bears of course directly on the doctrines propounded in them and the relation of Councils to Popes. It seems that Bellarmine was the first to expunge the Council of Basle from the list, because it asserted the superiority of Councils over Popes, and to include the two first Lateran Councils. It is worth noting by the way that the original edition of the Acts of the Council of Florence, held for the reunion of East and West, entitles it "the eighth Ecumenical," and the title is sanctioned in a Brief of Clement VII., thus quietly passing over all the mediæval Councils, held since the division, which are regarded by the Greeks as merely Western Synods. Another point on which there has been a good deal of disputing, though there can be no shadow of doubt, is as to the fact of heretics being executed at Rome. It has pleased the Spanish divine, Balmes, whose testimony was endorsed by the *Dublin Review*, as well as De Maistre and some other modern ultramontane writers, to deny that the Roman Inquisition ever passed sentence of death. We are here shown how Bellarmine not only defends the principle, but himself took part in the condemnation of three heretics who were burnt at Rome, Giordano Bruno being one of them; and thirteen other authentic cases are specified of heretics burnt or otherwise put to death by the Roman Inquisition. On one critical point Bellarmine showed himself so little consistent in the application of his professed ultramontane principles that we are told that his conduct about it has formed a main hindrance to his canonization. Infallibilist though he was, he betrayed a very earnest and undisguised anxiety to save infallibility from going wrong on the question of predestination and free will then under discussion before the Roman tribunals. According to his own statement in the *Vita* "he frequently admonished the Pope (Clement VIII.) to beware of tricks, and not to suppose that he, when he was no theologian, could arrive by his own study at the comprehension of a most obscure matter, and he plainly foretold him that the question would not be decided by his Holiness, and when he (the Pope) replied that he would define it, he (Bellarmine) rejoined 'Your Holiness will not define it,' and this same prediction he repeated to Cardinal de Monte, who afterwards reminded him of it." The prediction was verified, for the Congregation de Auxiliis was eventually brought to an end, under Paul V., without any decision being pronounced, the fact being that the Jesuits, who were afraid of a condemnation of their own Molinist system, prevented it. But in his zeal to avoid such a mishap for the Society Bellarmine did not scruple to urge on the Pope the very Gallican doctrine—which in the mouth of an opponent he would have treated as heresy—that "it had not been usual for his holy predecessors to decide matters of faith without the aid of a Council." He is not of course himself responsible for what occurred after his death, but it is curious to find how the disputes about his canonization gave rise to no less outspoken utterances of other Cardinals on the strain put upon men's belief in papal infallibility by the growing frequency, and on slenderer producible grounds, of canonizations. Cardinal Azzolini went so far as to say that "these modern saints made him suspicious of the ancient ones." His distrust would not perhaps have been diminished had he lived to witness the canonization of Pius V. a century later by Clement XI. For, in spite of Bellarmine's assertion in a letter to Blackwell that no Pope had ever sanctioned the assassination even of an heretical and persecuting sovereign, it has been clearly shown, and is indeed no longer seriously disputed, that St. Pius V., as well as Philip of Spain, approved the mission of Ridolfi, who was sent to England to "remove" Queen Elizabeth. We rather wonder that so illustrious an example has not yet been appealed to by any of the Irish bishops or archbishops who display such unwearied assiduity in pontifically benedicting the Murder League.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

SOME days ago it was reported—we really do not know whether truly or falsely—that certain Englishwomen of the Radical Gladstonian persuasion had sent an address to the women of Ireland condoling with them on the dreadful things they would

have to suffer from a Coercion Bill. The document as given was of that peculiar gushing style (all about "sisters," and "loving," and "womanhood," and the rest of it) which certain persons affect in the press and on the platform, though we are happy to say that we never heard feminine lips employ it in real life. Perhaps, as we have suggested, it was not genuine. But, if it was, the topsyturviness of the situation is certainly very agreeable. We can, indeed, quite understand an address of condolence being sent from Englishwomen to Irishwomen. The fair Radicals might have most becomingly sympathized with Mrs. Murphy, who saw her husband murdered after vainly striving to protect him with her own body. They might have had loving, and sisterly, and womanhoodish observations for Mrs. Byers, who was jeered in the open streets after the brutal murder of her husband. It might have been interesting to hear the views of our politicianesses on pitchcapping as a mode of *coiffure* adapted to the female sex, from the points of view of (1) comfort, (2) becomingness. We should have liked to know what they think of the fate of the Miss Curtins, who, independently of losing their father, and being nearly tormented out of their lives at "kirk and market," have been made the subject, according to the habit of the chivalrous and poetical Irish race, of certain bardic ecstasies. One of these—the keen (we beg pardon of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy and other exact students of Erse, the *caoine*) over the "poor widow's darling" (to wit, the young ruffian who was shot in the fray), with its elegant insinuations that "Norah and Lizzy with Agnes" had been partaking of a drinking bout before the attack on their father, was not a little quoted some time ago, and was commented on here. We have since seen an even more gifted account of the transaction, less picturesque, indeed, and much more secondhand, being tagged with fragments of all sorts of earlier poems, but giving an equally glowing account of the patriotism and innocence of those who

Unto the house of Curtin together marched along,
Intended [*sic*] for no murder, but to take John Curtin's gun.

It would, we say, be really interesting to hear what the women of England have to say to these matters. Apparently, however, their sympathy is reserved for quite a different class of Irishwomen. It is for the brave little women who import knives to murder Lord Frederick Cavendish ("and for the matter of that" Mr. Burke), for the admiring wives, mothers, and sisters of possible murderers in the future, for the ladies who get up subscriptions to put wreaths on the graves of murderers in the past, that our Radical women of England feel their hearts touched. This surely is worth noting.

Here is another note of another fact, which perhaps is also a hoax. Is there really such a person as Father Hayes? and did he really write and utter the remarkable sentiments attributed to him in the *Times* of Thursday? Or is it another "*Times*' Forgery"? Here is the extract:—"Father Hayes, who figured conspicuously in connexion with the late evictions at Glenbeigh, has addressed the following letter to Mr. Fitzgibbon, the chairman of the Youghal Town Commissioners, from Georgetown, Monroe County, Iowa, U.S.A.:—"Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find 25 dollars for the purchase of the identical spade with which Mary Quirk, the heroine of Glenbeigh, smote the bailiff to the ground and laid him senseless at her feet in the act of evicting her poor mother, and burning her poor home for not paying an impossible rent. At first I desired the spade for the Outtuma (Iowa) branch of the League, of which I am vice-president, but on second thoughts I imagined it could do more good hung up in the League headquarters in my native town, Youghal, as a memorial of the struggle, and as an incentive to the brave tenantry on the Ponsobly estate near by, that they may continue the good fight to victory or death. In the present crisis there can be but two classes in Ireland—National Leaguers and traitors.—Faithfully yours, E. HAYES. P.S.—If the spade cannot be had let her have the 25 dollars." This is the same gentleman who, on his return to America after a visit to Ireland, addressed a large audience and used the following scandalous language:—"Let us tell them" (the Irish people) 'plainly that the more they help themselves by open combination and passive resistance, and by assailing landlordism in its central point—rent—the more we will be inclined to come to their assistance. Let us tell them that there is such a thing as justifiable homicide, and that it could not be more justifiable in any case than in that one last week wherein Sir Rowland Winn tore a farmer's wife from her bed when she was just on the point of becoming a mother and threw her on the side of a bleak mountain in Kerry to live or die in a pitiless storm of wind, snow, and rain, and it would be equally justifiable in the case of the other poor wretched woman who paid the landlord the last penny, and because she had no more was dragged from her cabin and forced to seek the pigsty to shelter her new-born babe. If either of those women were my mother, so help me God, I would never rest until I had taken the life of Sir Rowland Winn.' This language was received with loud cheers by the persons addressed. It is unnecessary to add that there is no foundation for Father Hayes's statement respecting the two women referred to."

If this is correct, do the women of England sympathize with this suggestion to the women of Ireland?

Now for a few queries.

Did Dr. Tanner really say at Cork that "they had fought long enough with words; and, if words had no avail, he for one was willing to fall into the ranks of the people, and fight with bullets"?

Did all the witnesses at a recent Moonlighting investigation "profess their inability to identify the prisoners"?

Was a notice ordering all tenants of more than a certain number of acres on a certain estate in Clare to surrender the surplus recently posted up?

Was a car-driver from Dungarvan set upon and beaten half to death the other day for conveying some policemen?

Has the Recorder of Cork (not one of Mr. Labouchere's "half-pay officers") threatened to recommend a wholesale revocation of licences in consequence of the organized boycotting in public-houses?

And, lastly, if these things, or even a fair proportion of them, are true, where is that Ireland of the Gladstonian dream which needs not coercion, neither commits crime, but is a country of persecuted sheep and intelligent and patriotic shepherds?

COQUELIN QUÀ, COQUELIN LA, COQUELIN SU, COQUELIN GIÙ.

M. COQUELIN speaks *ex cathedra* this month in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*, and his Holiness the Pope proclaiming before a solemn conclave of Cardinals the most superhumanly intricate of theological dogmas is, so to speak, "not in it," as compared to the infallible actor teaching the common of mortals in general, and the vulgar of actors in particular, how to act. He has an elevation of thought and a sonority of phrase which are certainly worthy of the highest respect, even of the tender mercy shown to M. Coquelin's French text by his translator. The opening is grandiloquently magnificent. "Art," proclaims M. Coquelin, "I define as a whole, wherein a large element of beauty clothes and makes acceptable a still larger element of truth." After this flourish of trumpets, M. Coquelin proceeds to explain of what the work of an actor really consists, and here he is certainly intelligible, if not very original; for did not Diderot say exactly the same thing in other words?

In the execution of a work of art the painter has his colours, his canvas, and his brushes; the sculptor has his clay, his chisel, and his modelling tools; the poet has his words, rhythm, harmony, and rhyme. Every art has its different instruments; but the instrument of the actor is himself. The matter of his art, that which he has to work upon and mould for the creation of his own idea, is his own face, his own body, his own life. Hence it follows that the actor must have a double personality. He has his first self, which is the player, and his second self, which is the instrument.

In other words, the actor is the marionette of the man; and do we not behold M. Coquelin in these double characters of man and actor in the picture representing him as M. Coquelin as he is himself and as M. Coquelin in the *Luther de Crémone*?

No one doubts that an actor ought to read over his part again and again until he has thoroughly mastered its meaning, and that, when he has done so, he ought "to seize each salient feature and transfer it, not to his canvas, but to himself." It did not require M. Coquelin's authority to confirm this. M. Coquelin is a clever man and a clever artist, but he is a pretentious writer, and an odd critic, as witness his curious suggestion that Mephistopheles should be deformed. In this connexion, M. Coquelin tells us that Mr. Irving when he wants to touch his chin, goes through the following extraordinary antics:—"He raises his arm and encircles it, his hand makes the tour of his head, striking the audience as it does so with a sense of its leanness, and never seizes the point of his beard till after it has described a complete circle!" We have heard of Mr. Irving doing many wonderful things before, but this is the most extraordinary of all his varied feats. We are also curious to know what M. Coquelin means when he tells us that Mr. Irving is "a kind of methodical Mounet-Sully." Here it may be observed with propriety, with reference to this brief mention of M. Mounet-Sully, that, if he is not methodical (and to learn that he is not will surprise all who have ever seen him act), M. Coquelin is remarkably so; for, with striking generosity and good-breeding, he ignores, as a rule, or slights, all living actors, and devotes his praises systematically to the dead, "who can do him no harm," and of whom "we should only speak well," so that M. Mounet-Sully's reputation and artistic status are left (fortunately) to Mr. Brander Matthews, who, in a foot-note by himself, and not translated from the text of M. Coquelin, informs us that M. Mounet-Sully is the foremost of French tragedians. The portraits of M. Mounet-Sully, which help with others to brighten up M. Coquelin's ungracious pedantry, are mere decoy ducks introduced to ensnare the innocent.

There are no less than twenty-three excellent portraits of French actors, living and dead, contained in this article, of which eight represent M. Coquelin and his brother in their various impersonations. Those who imagine, as they glance over these pages and see all these likenesses, that they are going to have, as they have a right to expect from M. Coquelin, a series of intensely interesting personal reminiscences of the distinguished artists drawn so admirably by M. E. Duez, make a gruesome mistake. True, now and then, M. Coquelin indulges us with an anecdote or so of Frédéric or Delaunay, Paulin Ménier or Félix, but they are so trivial as to be of little or no importance, and on and on he goes, babbling garrulously. There is one anecdote which we cannot omit, it is so characteristic:—

As regards the *jeunes premières*, beauty is not essential, but charm is. We all recollect what Victor Hugo said to Madame Dorval—"You are not

beautiful, you are worse!" The charm which he felt, which he described exactly in this epigram, was the charm of genius; of the genius of the stage. So stage lovers must be handsome, or look so. The public, like their sweethearts, must fall in love with them at first sight; they must belong to the class who are worshipped from their cradles. Not that all love need be confined to them. On the contrary, one sees every day in our modern plays persons far less gifted outwardly than these *jeunes premières* rob them in the long run of their myrtles and laurels. But only in the long run. Never at once. They win love by their genius, by their courage, by their devotion, and this love only grows with time, and the audience has gradually to get accustomed to the idea of it.

To take myself as an example, if I may be allowed to do such a thing, the audience would never for a moment suffer that, on my entrance on the stage in the first act, I should receive a declaration of love from a beautiful woman.

I have, however, acted Jean Dacier, where I ended by being loved by a girl of noble birth. But I did not receive her confession till the last act, and then only because I was on the point of death. But it was love that gave the piece success, and the public accepted it, and watched its progress with interest; because, ploughboy as I was in the first act, then soldier, and finally officer, I raised myself from one height of devotion to another, till I merited the supreme honour of being loved by my wife; for the lady was my wife.

M. Coquelin ends by a kind mention of M. Poquelin—not Coquelin—de Molière, and of Shakespeare. He recommends a "religious and unceasing" study of the works of these poets, varied by that of "the Eternal Comedy of Human Nature" (as interpreted, of course, by M. Coquelin). This is Ercole's vein, a solemn vein, and when M. Coquelin is solemn, he is very solemn indeed, and he speaks with a voice saddened and charged heavily with notes of warning. "Always follow my example," he seems to say, "and you will never, never go astray." Thus when he has been so kind as to tell us that Lesueur was an admirable actor, "pre-eminent in the art of true portraiture," in short, as absolutely perfect as he is absolutely dead and buried, like all M. Coquelin's perfect artists, he adds:—"In spite of all this wonderful talent, fortified by close study, he lacked one element necessary to make the illusion complete—command of his voice." His own voice however is, we are informed, perfectly trained and full of varied expression, suited to the numerous impersonations with which his name is associated. After lamenting that other actors will persist in playing parts not suited to them, the result of their own ambition and foolish vanity, M. Coquelin informs us in his most pontifical tones:—"I have been bitterly reproached by many critics for wishing to play serious parts. On this point my artistic conscience is perfectly easy. I have never played parts which are beyond me." The reason is obvious—I, Coquelin, am the Great Mogul of the stage, its Pius IX., fresh from the proclamation of my own infallibility! But, then, *he is the boy*. "Oh Jaggerth, Jaggerth, Jaggerth! (pronouncez Coquelin); all otherth ith Cag-Maggerth, give me Jaggerth!"

THE CONVERSION OF THE INDIAN FOURS.

THE Indian Government's plan for the conversion of that portion of its Debt which was borrowed in this country at 4 per cent., the interest and principal being both payable in gold, has been subjected to adverse criticism, which does not appear to us quite justifiable. This particular stock amounts in round figures to about 53½ millions sterling, and the plan for its conversion is as follows:—the stock will be redeemable at par on the 1st October of next year, and the Indian Government has offered to exchange it for Three and a Half per Cent. Stock of equivalent amount on the 1st July next. Those who wish to make the exchange must give their consent on or before the 1st June. As the holders cannot be compelled to part with their stock until the October of next year there are still eighteen months' interest at 4 per cent. to run, and it is not likely that they would consent to sacrifice the difference between 4 per cent. and 3½ per cent. for eighteen months. Therefore, the Government offers to those who consent to the exchange to pay on the 1st July a quarter's interest in full due from the 1st April to the 1st July, and to pay in addition beforehand, at the rate of ten shillings per cent. per annum, for the fifteen months until the 1st October 1888. It will be seen that the result of this is to give the holders of the stock a little more than their due. They will receive, that is, the full interest at 4 per cent. for the three months ended with June; they will receive in addition 3½ per cent. on the new stock from the 1st July to the 1st October next year, and they will receive for fifteen months interest at the rate of ten shillings per cent. per annum to represent the difference between 3½ per cent. and 4 per cent. But this twelve and sixpence per cent. that will thus be paid them will be given them before it falls due. In the ordinary course of things it would be paid in three half-yearly instalments, on the 1st October next, on the 1st April next, and on the 1st October of next year. Receiving it beforehand they will receive something more than is their due, and on this ground the proposal of the Government has been condemned. Further, it has been pointed out that, before the Government's offer was made public, the price of the Four per Cents. was a little under 102, and that in the course of a few days it ran up to 104. Therefore, it is contended that, in the opinion of the shrewd business men of the City, the option given by the Indian Government to the holders of the Four per Cent. Sterling Stock was worth 2 per cent.; in other words, that the Government had offered to the holders of this stock advantages which were valued by the Stock Exchange at 2 per cent. The whole

amount of the stock being a little over fifty-three millions, it follows that, according to this view, the Government has given away to the holders of the stock somewhat over a million sterling. The argument appears to us overstrained. If, for example, we were to turn against those who so argue their own weapons, we might point out that the price has receded from 104 to 103½, and consequently that in the opinion of the shrewd business men of the Stock Exchange the first estimate was at least ½ per cent. too great. But we need not content ourselves with such a reply as this. The offer of the Indian Government can be defended on much broader and more statesmanlike grounds.

It is extremely desirable from every point of view to reduce as far as may be the Indian expenditure. The advance of the Russians in Central Asia and the fall in the Indian exchanges have both added very greatly to the charges of the Government, and every saving that can be made ought, therefore, to be secured without fail and as promptly as possible. Now it is quite true that, if the Indian Government had been content to run a certain risk, it might possibly have made better terms. The conversion need not be effected before the 1st October of next year. The Government has, therefore, nearly eighteen months within which to act, and it might have offered somewhat worse terms to the holders of the Four per Cents. It might, for example, have insisted that they must consent to be paid off at par; and, as the Three and a Halfpence are considerably over par, might have offered them a smaller amount of Three and a Halfpence than they now receive. And, similarly, it might perhaps have driven a harder bargain in regard to the difference of interest between 3½ per cent. and 4 per cent. But then there is a possibility that it might altogether have failed, and the possibility is not so small that the danger ought to have been incurred. Suppose that a new frontier question, or the troubles that have broken out in Afghanistan, or any other accident were to involve us in a new dispute with Russia, and that the dispute were to lead to actual hostilities between this and the 1st October next year, what chance would there be of the Indian Government borrowing at 3½ per cent.? The argument of the critics with which we are now dealing is based on the assumption that the Indian Government can, if it needs, borrow at 3½ per cent. at par; and there is no doubt that it can do so if it remains at peace and if the money market is perfectly quiet. But other possibilities must be taken into account, and it seems to us, therefore, that the Indian Government has acted in a businesslike and statesmanlike manner in at once offering to the holders of its Four per Cents, such terms as ensure the success of the conversion, without running the risks of failure by putting off the matter until some time next year.

One other point appears to us highly advantageous in this conversion. Of late the Indian Government has been borrowing in this market at the rate of 3 per cent., and we have more than once expressed our opinion that it was unwise to do so. The credit of India has greatly improved of late, but it is not yet good enough to enable the Government to borrow at 3 per cent. at par; and therefore it seems to us wasteful and unwise to secure a small present advantage at the cost of increasing largely the capital of the Debt. Now we are glad that the Indian Government has taken this view of the matter in the conversion. It has decided to convert the Fours into Three and a Halfpence; not into Threes, as was expected by many. By so doing, it keeps the capital of the Debt at exactly the same figure as before, and yet it secures a substantial reduction in interest. It secures, that is, ½ per cent. upon over 53 millions sterling, or more than a quarter of a million per annum. And, at the same time, it makes it possible to effect a further reduction when the credit of India improves sufficiently to enable it to do so. If war breaks out upon the Continent, and, still more, if India herself is involved in war, it is improbable that she will be able to borrow at 3 per cent. for some time to come. But, if war is avoided, the credit of India will again begin to improve. The growth of wealth and population upon the one side, and the scarcity of sound investment securities on the other, tend to raise Stock Exchange prices, and, therefore, to raise the credit of borrowing Governments. After a certain number of years, then, India will doubtless be able to borrow at 3 per cent.; and, when she arrives at this degree of credit, she will be able to convert her Three and a Halfpence into Threes, and thus save another ½ per cent. without adding to the capital of her debt. In the meantime, it is clear that this conversion will make the Three and a Halfpence the favourite Indian stock. Adding the old Three and a Halfpence to the new converted stock, they will amount together to over 64 millions sterling; a very large stock indeed, which will ensure a free market at all times. We have often pointed out the advantage to an investor of a large stock. Dealers in the Stock Exchange are always able to buy and sell when the amount of a stock is large, and therefore they are ready at all times either to buy or to sell from or to the public. Consequently an investor who buys stock the amount of which is large is always able to sell it again if the occasion arises; whereas there are some stocks yielding a very good rate of interest, which are themselves perfectly safe, that are almost unmarketable because of the small amount of them in the market, and the unwillingness, therefore, of dealers to "make a price" in them. The new Indian Three and a Halfpence, then, will be so large as to ensure a free market, and for this reason it is natural to suppose that they will be favourites with the public. Such being the case, it may be inferred reasonably that further attempts

to borrow at 3 per cent. will be given up. Had the Government intended to continue its efforts at borrowing at 3 per cent., it would have converted the Fours into Threes, would have made the Threes by far the largest of the Indian sterling stocks, and have consequently given them a preference in the eyes of investors, and ensured after a while the conversion of the Three and a Halfpence. That it has not done so we think extremely wise, because thereby it has avoided adding to the capital of the Debt, and has ensured a further saving in the future by the reduction of interest.

THE RED LAMP.

THE Red Lamp, by Mr. Outram Tristram, produced at the Comedy Theatre by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, merits much praise in spite of certain faults. In dealing with Nihilism on the stage the author breaks comparatively new ground; but he treats his subject in a manner occasionally verging on the absurd; and, though undoubtedly he has decided power of invention with regard to stage effect, he is not gifted with so much invention in other respects, and does not seem to be troubled with any hankering after careful and finished workmanship. This is shown in the first act, which takes place at the palace of a Russian general, who is, of course, an ardent anti-Nihilist, but is, if possible, surpassed in zeal by his wife, the Princess Claudia Morakoff, who is represented as one of the most pitiless enemies the Nihilists have in Russia. The principal *habitué* of the house, a very intimate friend of her husband and herself, is one Paul Demetrius, a member of the secret police, who is doing the work of a high-class spy. Now this Paul Demetrius is a very amusing figure, and, played with great cleverness by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, illustrates in a curious manner one of the strange conventionalities of the stage. Dickens has remarked how theatrical personages supposed to be in the last stage of exhaustion perform feats requiring remarkable bodily strength, and in like manner a detective on the stage not unfrequently conducts himself in a way which can hardly fail to attract attention, and observes people in a manner which is absolutely certain to draw their observation on him. Paul Demetrius behaves in the Princess's salon in such a manner as could hardly fail to attract attention in any drawing-room from St. Petersburg to Peckham—nay, would even receive some notice if he entered the gullest society of London policemen; and, well as Mr. Beerbohm Tree acts, he does not during the first two acts suggest Lecoq, but does sometimes come perilously near Paul Pry.

The Princess has a brother, the Prince Alexis, who has plunged heart and soul into the Nihilist conspiracy, and this agreeable fact is broken to her by Ivan Zazzulic, an arch Nihilist, who, being ostensibly a journalist devoted to the Imperial cause, can carry on his machinations with some safety; but he naturally wants to be as safe as possible, and requires from the Princess, as the price of her brother's life, that whenever a raid on the Nihilists is projected she shall give warning by placing a red lamp in the centre window of her salon. Here it must be said that the toils are woven by the author with very considerable skill, and it is much to be regretted that he should have resorted to the device of causing the villain's talk to be overheard, which makes the conspirator seem as unlikely as the detective. In the second act the Princess gets into terrible difficulties. She has kept her word, and several raids have failed. Demetrius becomes suspicious, and, through the indiscretion of a Nihilist servant and the communicativeness and venality of a French maid—admirably acted by Miss Rosina Filippi—discovers the secret of the red lamp, and also discovers, as he thinks, that the Princess has a lover with whom she corresponds. He drops a hint to the husband, who, with the extraordinary readiness which stage husbands sometimes show to suspect the honour of their wives, becomes uneasy. The situation, of course, grows more and more complicated; and, after a variety of incidents, the Princess resolves to seek her brother, and try to warn him of his danger, the red lamp, in spite of her efforts, having been removed from the window. Demetrius, of course, follows her, and the act comes to an effective conclusion.

More effective, however, than either the first or second act is the third, in spite of the odd nature of some of the incidents. In a house hired by the Nihilists are found Ivan Zazzulic and Turgan, a sculptor, the nominal tenant of the house; and they are shortly joined by two men, who emerge from a trapdoor behind a sofa, having been engaged in making a tunnel under the street leading to a dynamite mine. Prince Alexis presently joins them, and after a time comes the inevitable police raid, which leads to a scene which is both amusing and interesting. Demetrius comes to make a thorough examination of a very suspected house; but then, of course, he must not find the entrance to the mine, or the play would come to an end. So he raps walls and floors, has the sofa and carpet moved, and, in fact, examines everything and everywhere except where the concealed entrance to the tunnel under the road is. So well are the incidents of this scene arranged by the author, and so admirably is it acted by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who is very much better in this than in the two preceding acts, that a time-honoured device of a highly transparent nature is accepted, and is interesting to the audience. At the end the detective goes away discomfited. The Princess arrives, and he very shortly comes back, following her, and expecting apparently to surprise her when meeting some lover. Then, with great ingenuity, her presence at a suspected house is accounted for by its

being made to appear that she has come to see her brother, who is ill, and the curtain comes down on a very well-planned situation.

It is to be regretted that the play cannot end here, as the fourth act is nothing but melodrama, and melodrama of a conventional order. Ivan Zazzulic turns traitor, and endeavours to save himself. The Princess, believing that the Emperor and his staff will be blown up, allows the General to join them, thus sacrificing her loyal husband to her traitor brother. The brother appears, having apparently changed his mind, and is killed by Zazzulic, who then rushes away, and is killed in turn by the Nihilist servant. The General returns to find his wife kneeling over the dead body of her brother, and the play comes to an end.

Of the acting it need only be said that it is well above the average. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's artistic performance has been noticed above. Lady Monckton renders the character of the Princess with feeling and vigour, and, as her husband, Mr. Brookfield does all that can be done with a part infinitely beneath his powers. He has to look like, to walk like, and to talk like a general officer devoted heart and soul to the Tzar. That is all. It sounds little, but it is not easy to do, and Mr. Brookfield does it to perfection. A special word of praise is due to Mr. Laurence Cautley, who represents Prince Alexis. Nor should we leave off without praise for Mr. Pateman's very careful and workmanlike treatment of a troublesome part. *The Red Lamp* is now preceded by Mr. Brookfield's brilliant little monologue *Nearly Seven*.

THE TWO THOUSAND.

AN open Two Thousand may mean a very moderate field, but it has its advantages. An occasional Ormonde is, of course, all very well in his way; but he can scarcely be a subject for rejoicing to the owners of rival three-year-olds, while even to the public so super-excellent an animal—like one of the "unco' guid" in the human species—is apt to be regarded as a bore if he over-asserts himself. Most racing men of any experience, again, must remember years when the three-year-olds, after having been voted an indifferent lot in the early spring, on the ground of their in-and-out running as two-year-olds, turned out to be particularly good; nor should it be forgotten that the horses of the season ought not to be estimated on the performances of one or two individuals of very exceptional merit. In the opinion of some people we have a great horse this year in *The Baron*; but, if he is all they suppose, it was rather fortunate that he was not in the Two Thousand. Lord Falmouth's *Blanchland*, the winner of the Twenty-ninth Biennial at the Craven Meeting, was also unentered; and the very promising *Annamite* was not nominated for either the Two Thousand or the Derby. The whole entry for this year's Two Thousand only amounted to seventy-one, the smallest of the last thirteen years; and it seems doubtful whether the more celebrated three-year-old races may not in future suffer to some extent from the large stakes which have lately been offered at Sandown, Kempton Park, and Manchester.

The favourite was Mr. Douglas Baird's *Enterprise*, a chestnut colt by *Sterling*, out of sister to *King Alfred*, by *King Tom* out of a Bay Middleton mare, whose dam was by *Venison*. No fault could fairly be found with such breeding as this, and he had been much admired as a yearling at *Yardley*, where he fetched 2,000 guineas. He is a fine colt, with size, length, and power, but last season some doubts were expressed about his temper and his courage. He ran for the first time at *Ascot*, where he won the New Stakes of 1,268*l.* easily from *Freshwater*, *Freedom*, and seven other two-year-olds. Three weeks later he started first favourite for the Royal Plate at *Windsor*, but he either would not or could not make a struggle, at 7 *lbs.*, on that occasion with Sir George Chetwynd's *Stetchworth* (another colt that had cost a high price as a yearling), and he was beaten by two lengths. The curious part of this form was that, a week later at *Newmarket*, *Stetchworth*, with a slight disadvantage in the weights, was unplaced to *Freshwater* and *Freedom*, both of whom had been beaten by *Enterprise* at *Ascot*. At the *Newmarket* July Meeting *Enterprise* won the July Stakes of 1,230*l.*, after swerving a little in descending the hill, in a canter by four lengths from *Hugo*, who won the *Prendergast* Stakes at the Second October Meeting. There was some curious in-and-out running, again, in the case of this horse in respect to *Enterprise*, but we will refer to this presently. The third in the July Stakes was *St. Mary*, the subsequent winner of the *Lavant* Stakes at *Goodwood*, and the *Hopeful* Stakes at *Newmarket*. This was the filly that had cost 3,900 guineas at the sale of the *Mentmore* yearlings in 1885. *Enterprise* did not run again until the Second October Meeting, when odds were laid upon him for the *Middle Park* Plate. *Archer* made the running with him from the start, and after he had gone a quarter of a mile he held a lead of three or four lengths, but he appeared to slacken his speed in descending the hill, and in the *Abingdon Bottom* he was caught by *Florentine*, who eventually beat him by a couple of lengths. Although *Florentine* had 3 *lbs.* less to carry, the merits of his victory were by no means depreciated by this trifling advantage, when we consider the ease with which he won. For the *Dewhurst* Plate, on the 27th of October, *Enterprise* was again beaten, being three lengths behind *Réve d'Or*, when giving her 7 *lbs.* and weight for sex.

On his form in the *Middle Park* Plate, Lord Calthorpe's

Florentine ought to have been a far better favourite for the Two Thousand than *Enterprise*, but there were other things to be taken into consideration. For the *Astley* Stakes at *Lewes*, for which he started a strong first favourite with much the best of the weights, he only ran fourth to *The Baron*, finishing behind *St. Mary*, who had been beaten by *Enterprise*; and for the *Dewhurst* Plate he came in more than three lengths behind *Enterprise* himself, thus reversing the form shown in the race for the *Middle Park* Plate. On one of *Florentine*'s races it was very difficult to come to a satisfactory conclusion. This was the *Prince of Wales's* Stakes of 2,600*l.* at *Goodwood*, for which he beat *Timothy*, a horse that won nearly 5,000*l.* in stakes during the season, by a neck. For this race he was disqualified for boring, but on the question of his guilt or innocence there was some divergence of opinion among good judges who watched the race. He is a chestnut colt by *Petrarch* out of *Hawthorndale*, by *Kettledrum* out of *Lady Alice Hawthorn*, by *Newminster*. He shows a good deal of quality, but he has no superabundance of bone or muscle, and as a two-year-old he was considered rather flat-sided and light in the flank. On account of some mishap, his training for the Two Thousand had to be stopped for a time, and this made his backers lose confidence.

Among the leading favourites was *Eglamore*, a chestnut colt by *Thurio*, who only ran once last season, when he won. His private reputation was an exceedingly high one; but, in reviewing the antecedents of the principal competitors, that is all we ought to say of him. There is even less to be said about *Lord Hastings's* *Lovegold*, a bay colt by *The Miser* out of *Margery Daw*, and "Mr. Manton's" *Eiridsport*, neither of them having ever run in public before. Great things were expected last year of *Phil*, a bay colt by *Philammon* out of *Phœbe*, by *Favonius*. He won a couple of races and lost three. On his worst form it looked as if he must indeed be moderate; but on his best, when he won the *Tattersall* Sale Stakes at *Doncaster* from a respectable field of seven opponents, by five lengths, he seemed a fair colt. At the same meeting he ran within a length and a half of *Panzerschiff* and *Grandison* for the *Champagne* Stakes. He was thought more promising last season than his performances would otherwise have led one to expect, because he was a large-framed "unset" colt, and it was believed that, if he developed during the winter months, he might strip a fine horse for the Two Thousand. Yet there were critics who could see nothing in him but a rough, raking colt of the handicap class, while some thought that he showed the white feather in the race for the *Dewhurst* Plate. On the whole, his appearance was liked on the Two Thousand day, and everybody agreed that he was in splendid training. We have just mentioned another candidate for the Two Thousand in *Lord Ellesmere's* *Grandison*, a bay colt by *Hampton* out of *Belle of Bury* by *Caterer*. He had won a couple of races, and he had been once beaten by the very moderate *Belisarius II.*, but it was said that a fortnight before this defeat he had had a fall at exercise, in consequence of which his work was stopped. His most important race had been the *Champagne* Stakes at *Doncaster*, to which allusion has just been made. He then ran a dead-heat, at even weights, with *Panzerschiff*, a colt, unentered for any of the great three-year-old races, who won eight races out of nine last season, and cleared more than 5,000*l.* in stakes. Assuming that *Panzerschiff* was at his best at *Doncaster*, which, by the way, is somewhat doubtful, this performance on the part of *Grandison* should have made him a good favourite for the Two Thousand; but he had not grown or thickened out so much during the winter as his backers had expected. We must notice one other candidate, in Mr. J. A. Craven's *Hugo*, a brown colt by *Balfé* out of *Cockleshell*. As we have already said, he was beaten by *Enterprise* for the *July* Stakes. On the other hand, for the *Prendergast* Stakes, he beat *Réve d'Or*, who afterwards beat *Enterprise* by three lengths, at 10 *lbs.* Moreover, at the First October Meeting, he beat a field of thirteen two-year-olds, including *Lord Falmouth's* *Blanchland*, who ran second to him. He had his admirers, yet many people liked neither his breeding nor his appearance.

After the long drought, the heavy rain that set in towards the end of last week was very welcome to trainers, and instead of being hard, as had been expected, the course was in excellent condition. When *Newmarket* Heath is in its best order, what racecourse in the world can be compared with it?

The afternoon of the Two Thousand day was fine, although rather cold and windy. The eight starters were sent off without a single failure, and *Eglamore* made the running, while *Phil* brought up the rear. The first horse beaten was *Lovegold*, whose form at home was said to be very good. *Eiridsport* had joined *Eglamore* on approaching the *Bushes*, and *Enterprise* and *Florentine* were in close pursuit. At this point of the race *Grandison* was beaten, and in descending the hill both *Florentine* and *Hugo* were in the same unhappy condition. In the *Abingdon Bottom*, *Eiridsport*, who had been running very well, dropped behind the leading horses. Almost at the same moment, *Enterprise* went up to *Eglamore*, while *Phil* came past the rearward division and challenged the two leaders. As they came up the hill towards the winning-post, *Enterprise*, *Eglamore*, and *Phil* were close together, the first-named being in the middle. Very soon *Phil* got up to *Eglamore*, and *Enterprise*, who was ridden by T. Cannon, took a slight lead, which he held to the end, winning by half a length. There was half a length between *Phil* and *Eglamore*.

Critics were divided in opinion as to whether *Enterprise* won

with ease or difficulty; whether Florentine lost the race through want of condition, in consequence of the stoppage in his work, or on his merits; and whether Phil might not have done better if he had come a little sooner. Enterprise will have plenty of opportunities of adding to the 5,000*l.* he has already won for Mr. Douglas Baird, as he is entered for the Derby, Grand Prize, St. Leger, Eclipse Stakes, Lancashire Plate, Royal Stakes, and other races, worth, in all, considerably more than 50,000*l.* Even his present winnings prove that it occasionally pays to give 2,000 guineas for a yearling. Neither the second nor the third in the Two Thousand is entered for the Derby. It may be worth observing that, whereas Phil ran within half a length of Enterprise at even weights for the Two Thousand, he had been several lengths behind him when receiving 3*l.*s. for the Dewhurst Plate. Eiridsport, who was fourth, finished half a dozen lengths behind Eglamore. He ran far better than the 40 to 1 which was laid against him at the start would have led one to anticipate.

On Sunday last the French Two Thousand, or Poule d'Essai des Poulains, was won by Baron de Rothschild's chestnut colt Brio, by Hermit, who, as the Brie colt, won the Althorp Park Stakes last year. He was third favourite at Paris, and Watts brought him up with a rush at the last, beating Baron A. de Schickler's Le Sancy, the first favourite, by a neck on the post. He is entered for the English Derby and St. Leger.

LEILA.

THE much-talked-of production of Bizet's *Leila* took place on Friday, April 22, at Covent Garden Theatre, under tolerably favourable circumstances, notwithstanding that many had been disappointed by a previous postponement of the performance. A certain pathetic interest hovers round the name of the composer of this opera, whose premature death deprived France of one who was evidently destined to succeed to the laurels of Gounod. The struggles of his early life, his many trials, his amiability, and his unquestionable talent, verging into genius, are attributes which have endeared his memory, not only to his countrymen, but to all lovers of music. *Leila*; or, *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*, is in reality Bizet's first work of importance, and preceded the ever-popular *Carmen* by twelve years, having been produced on September 29th, 1863; whereas *Carmen* did not begin its prosperous career until 1875. Prejudice worked hard against its success. Many declared that the young composer was a disciple of the Wagnerian school, and this report twenty-five years ago was sufficient in France, as it is unfortunately now, to damn any new work, however excellent. Another fact which possibly contributed to the early downfall of this opera was the libretto, which, though not exactly bad, is much the reverse of good, and in every way unworthy of the music. Briefly related, the subject of *Leila* deals with the adventures of two Cingalese pearl-fishers, Nadir and Zurga, both of whom, unknown, however, to each other, have fallen in love with a veiled virgin in a temple. After a long, and possibly to themselves interesting, conversation, in which they relate to each other their woes and troubles, they announce their resolution to forget the fair vestal. But whilst they are still conversing about her, she is led into their presence, to be conducted, according to a curious custom of the Cingalese pearl-fishers, to the summit of a sacred cliff, where she is to pray and watch, in order to ward off the perils of the sea and calm the tempests. While she remains among the ruins of a Brahmin temple on the summit of this precipice she must neither see nor be seen of man. Of course a secret recognition takes place between her and Nadir, who is her preferred swain. In due time he contrives to scale the rocks and indulge himself in a talk with Leila, who not only drops her veil, but actually kisses him. At this juncture the high priest, Nurabad, inopportunely arrives, and, beholding the sacrilege, summons the pearl-fishers, so that he may publicly denounce the guilty couple. The anger of the people is now intensified by the circumstance that just then a terrific storm bursts over the island. Zurga, however, notwithstanding his jealousy, at first intimates that he will befriend the lovers; but eventually he determines, unable to endure the thought of their future happiness, to deliver them up to their foes. Then it is that he perceives upon the neck of Leila a necklet, which he identifies as having given to her as a child years ago, when she was the means of saving his life. He now swears at any cost to save Leila and Nadir, and leaves the scene for this desirable purpose. The place of execution is ready; but, whilst the victims are being conducted to the pyre, Zurga rushes on with the news that the village is on fire. All hasten away to put out the flames—all but the priest Nurabad, a crafty old gentleman, who evidently from the start "sees a rat"; so that, when Zurga presently returns, he pounces upon him, and clamorously informs the people of the trick which that peccant personage has played upon them in order to give freedom to Leila and Nadir. They are not long in revenging this outrage, and, in return for Zurga having wantonly burnt their houses, they cremate him. And thus Leila and Nadir are saved, and the lover has the somewhat novel experience of becoming a bridegroom, as it were, over the ashes of his rival. Such is the simple, not to say silly, story which Bizet was commanded by Count Walowski to set to music. It is the joint production of Messrs. E. Cormon and Michel Carré; whilst the English version is by Signor Zaffira.

The music of *Leila* has little or nothing in common with the Wagnerian school. It is essentially French; and, if it reminds us of that of any one special school or composer more than another, it is of Gounod, although sometimes there is a close resemblance in the concerted pieces to Verdi in the *Aida* period of his career. The overture is short, but leads to a charming opening chorus, accompanied by dancing, in which Bizet has tastefully introduced a strong Indian colouring which is very characteristic. The first recitative of Zurga furnishes us with the keynote of his importance in the opera, and the orchestration here is extremely fine. The entrance of Nadir opens a magnificent duet, in which the rival fishermen recall their first meeting with the veiled Leila. This is an absolute masterpiece, and with other words served as a *Pie Jesu* sung at the composer's *Requiem*. At its close the fishermen's chorus is heard in the distance once more, and some charming "water music" announces the arrival of Leila in a boat which is seen crossing the bay. The chorus of women on her entry is suspiciously like one of the choruses in *Obéron*, and the tenor air which follows the entry of the virgin into the temple recalls one of Gounod's most popular melodies. The aria, "Nei limpidi cieli," sung by Leila on the summit of the cliff, though elaborate and decidedly *bravura*, is one of the most striking numbers in the opera, interrupted as it is by a chorus in waltz time, which steals upon us like an echo of some of the elder Strauss's pretty dances. The first act closes in a rather unexpected manner by Leila's repeating the second movement of the aria above-mentioned, and although the stage is full, the usual *ensemble* is cleverly omitted. The second act opens with a charming chorus, "Sta l'ombra," sung behind the scenes, and then comes a short *scena* between Leila and Nurabad, with an elegant flowing accompaniment, and as the priest leaves her the chorus is again repeated, and Leila is left alone to sing a solo, the movement of which is in several bars not unlike Schubert's famous Serenade. The tenor returns, and a charming love duet ensues. The close of this act is imposing, the chords admirably selected and harmonious, and the *ritornello* of the first chorus skilfully introduced. Though, however, Bizet fails in dealing with the dramatic situations, from an evident lack of confidence in himself, and also possibly of knowledge of musical stage effect, still, in this instance, the only really good concerted piece in the opera, he is quite successful. In the third and last act Zurga has a lovely aria, "Oh, Nadir, primo amor d'età lontana," one of the gems of the opera. The duet between Leila and Zurga, "Qual m'assal rio terror," is also of excellent effect, and was sung in a manner that elicited the most enthusiastic applause. A fine Indian march opens the second scene, leading up to a delightfully original Oriental dance. From this point, unfortunately, there is a decided falling off in the merit of the work, until the very last scene of all. The general impression created by the first performance in England of this interesting opera—which has lately been received with great favour in Italy—is that it should be judged only as a work of exceeding promise. Its popular success, however, is assured, and it is highly probable that it will soon take its place even with *Carmen*, although there is nothing in it as "catchy" as the Toreador's song or the "Habañera." Even such as are gifted with the best musical memories will have difficulty in carrying away with them a tune to strum upon their pianos, and we are likely to be spared any efforts to popularize *Leila* on the part of the organ-grinders.

The curtain rose on Friday night upon a complete performance, which went without a hitch from beginning to end. The choristers had been well drilled, and only once, in the third act, did they show any of their usual sheep-like tendency to be led astray in tune or time. The scenery, expressly painted, was picturesque, the dresses quite appropriate, and the dancing, capably organized by Mme. Katti Lanner, was never made obtrusive, whilst M. Logheder conducted in a manner quite worthy of the occasion. Mlle. Alma Fohstrom as Leila immediately proved that she is more proficient in the French school of music than in the Italian. Her recitative was dramatic, her *solis* were sung with much skill, and she acted throughout with spirit, grace, and intelligence. She was heartily applauded, and deserved the tribute. Signor Garulli, as Nadir, made his first appearance in London on this occasion. He was suffering from a cold for which indulgence was craved; nevertheless, he showed that he possesses a fine voice, and that, barring a persistent tremolo, he is an artist of importance, who, having a commanding presence, and being an excellent actor, will be a valuable acquisition to a company which hitherto had been provided with only one tenor. The honours of the evening were carried off by M. Lherie, who sang at times magnificently. He has a perfect knowledge of lyric declamation, and proved himself also to be an actor of unusual tragic power and magnetic influence. He constantly reminded those present of M. Faure, and the fact that he did so unconsciously and without any attempt at imitation implies a compliment well merited. The fourth character, Nurabad, was efficiently sung by Signor Miranda. It is rather an ungrateful part, which demands a good singer and does not in return give him a single opportunity of doing anything beyond sustaining his fellow-artists in their most trying situations. Here, again, Bizet shows his lack of experience. There are very few artists who would care to sing the part of Nurabad, because he has not one chance of displaying himself, and yet, unless he thoroughly knows what he is about, he can, to use the expression, "queer" some of the most important pieces in the opera.

LORD WOLSELEY'S WOES.

THE Adjutant-General of the army has spoken. Let us hear him:—

Lord Wolseley, replying to the toast of the "Army, Navy, and Auxiliary Forces," said—My life in London is one of continual attempts at organization from morning till night, of great endeavour to organize this little tiny army of ours, to make it worthy of the nation which pays it, and for whose interest and honour it exists.

This is very good of Lord Wolseley; moreover, it makes us feel how fortunate we are in having an Adjutant-General who gives his time and attention to these important matters, which it is quite evident have been sadly neglected by his predecessors. But it is clear that he is much to be commiserated; for—

From my experience I advise any of you who contemplate changing your profession to have nothing to do with organizing the British army—(laughter)—for of all the difficult offices, of all the thankless duties which can devolve upon a human being, that of being an army organizer and reformer is the worst.

Now, in plain English, such as Lord Wolseley uses himself, at any rate upon this occasion, how does this matter stand? Ever since he became a power in matters military, Lord Wolseley has set himself the task of turning our army upside down, or, as he calls it, reorganizing it. Whether his policy has been right or wrong is beside the present question. Our next encounter with a civilized foe can alone determine it. We merely cannot help expressing our opinion that, if Lord Wolseley finds the task as difficult, as laborious, and as thankless as he represents it to be, it is a pity he ever undertook it. It would have been more in accordance with the dignity that is supposed to be attached to the position of the highest Staff officer of the army if the Adjutant-General had borne his woes and his sufferings in private, instead of parading them at a public dinner. But, bad as this is, there is worse to come:—

You are surrounded from the time you begin till you leave the office with difficulties. You have a certain number of enemies to encounter—every one has in their career—but you have worse than enemies—a great number of so-called friends who, in their endeavour to aid you according to their own view of things, put worse obstacles in your way than all your enemies could by any possibility have invented.

The inference to be drawn from this is that, if the "enemies" whom Lord Wolseley mentions were small and of no reputation, they could not do him much harm, and would certainly not have been deemed worthy of so public a notice as he has thought fit to give them. Therefore they must be in a position which enables them to thwart and vex him—in other words, of equal, or possibly superior, rank. Again we ask, Is it becoming in an official of Lord Wolseley's status thus to express himself in public?

Let us continue:—

With regard to the organization of our army, we have now been engaged in it for many years. Ever since I have had anything to do with public life we have been organizing, and I can cordially and conscientiously say we have never done so much as we have done within the last six or eight months. We have set ourselves steadily to work with the honest endeavour to get rid of what I may call the theatrical side of the British army, and to introduce businesslike habits, and to reduce our curiously constituted army into a real fighting organization.

There is one point upon which we might have wished for further information. Ever since "I" have had anything to do with public life, "we have been organizing." We all know who the "I" is, but who are the "we"? It would be interesting to know who are included in the latter useful and comprehensive pronoun, and also who are not included in it. If this example is to be followed by all officers who find their duties onerous or irksome, where will the chorus of lamentation end? We would remind Lord Wolseley of a certain paragraph contained in his own excellent work, *The Soldier's Pocket Book*—"Reticence is a virtue that cannot be too much practised and fostered by all Staff officers." Furthermore, it is laid down in the Queen's Regulations, that "Officers are forbidden to give publicity to their individual opinions in any manner tending to prejudge questions that may at the time be undergoing official investigation by the military authorities." We submit that the speech to which we have referred in this notice is a violation, if not of the actual letter, at any rate of the spirit of this order. There is an old saying to the effect that most men are better at words than at deeds. Lord Wolseley is an instance to the exact contrary. Whenever the country has demanded action of him, the response has always been prompt, effective, and creditable alike to himself and his country. But anything more deplorable or in worse taste than his public utterances it would be difficult to imagine.

CHRISTINA.

WHEN certain modifications have been introduced into the romantic drama of *Christina*, which was produced at a matinee at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Friday, the 22nd, it may prove a taking piece. Its faults are by no means those of the ordinary dramatic beginner, and the reason of this may perhaps be found in the fact that, although Messrs. Lynwood and Mark Ambient do not appear to have written before, the latter is already not unknown as a young actor of promise. The play was well mounted and carefully rehearsed, and went very smoothly

in the hands of several popular favourites. It is professional in construction and character—that is to say, it avoids the clumsiness of the inexperienced amateur, and concedes everything, perhaps a little too easily, to the popular convention of the day in romantic melodrama.

When the curtain rose and revealed the villa of a Russian Nihilist in the neighbourhood of Geneva, it was evident that the authors were not about to tax their auditors' patience with a plot of any startling novelty. The heroine, played with much grace and feeling by Miss Alma Murray, is the daughter of a Prince Koroskoff, the head of a Nihilist society in Geneva. The secretary, intimate friend, and almost adopted son of this prince is the villain of the piece, a certain Judas named Count Freund. It is the intention of the latter to marry Christina and to secure her fortune; but the princess forms the acquaintance of a young Englishman, Lord Julian Gordon, and falls in love with him. In the first act Freund attempts the murder of Lord Julian, in the second he contrives to separate the lovers, and forces Christina to become betrothed to him; in the third he is detected and unmasked, and in the fourth he is killed, not before he has crowned his crimes by the assassination of his foster-father. From this very bare skeleton of the plot, which is divided between Geneva and London, it will be seen that a good deal occurs in *Christina*. The bustle of the story, indeed, is very considerable, and the interest cannot be said to flag. The dialogue is exceptionally good, except where an element of rhetoric creeps in. Count Freund spouts a tremendous tirade, about "silvery spaces" and "Ausonian islands" in the second act, which is perilously near the borderland of the ridiculous; this ought to be reduced to reasonable limits. But the language of the play, as a whole, is decidedly good.

The piece was well acted. The part of the villain was played by Mr. Hermann Vezin with his usual skill and independence. Miss Alma Murray has in Christina a part which exactly suits her; she was graceful and impassioned. But even a Nihilist, if she is engaged to the younger son of an English earl, should learn not to call him Lord Gordon, when his name is really Lord Julian Gordon. Mr. Frank Archer played a jaundiced (but extremely benevolent and agreeable) editor with conviction, and was very strong in a scene with the villain in his editorial office, handling his three weapons—a revolver, a patent safe, and a closeted detective—with exciting dexterity. Miss Carlotta Addison was eloquent and even distinguished as a Nihilist, Madame Morozoff.

IN THE TWO HOUSES.

AT an early hour last Saturday morning the House of Lords, after a debate of two nights, read the Irish Land Bill a second time; and on Monday, after a much shorter discussion, advanced the English Land Transfer Bill a second stage. The Hyde Park Corner and New Streets Bill was also read a second time. London, in the large sense of the phrase, somewhat resembles the district of Columbia in the United States, in being under the direct control of Parliament, as that is of Congress. Queen, Lords, and Commons must consent before a new street can be made. On Tuesday the labours of the Upper Chamber were confined to the reception of a petition, to the reading of certain Railway, Dock, and Gas Bills a second time, and to the asking and answering of a question as to the conditions on which naval and military officers may take service under Colonial Governments. On Wednesday the Peers, according to their wont, rested from their labours. On Thursday the Tithe Rent Charge Bill was read a second time, a motion of Lord De la Warr's for referring it to a Select Committee being rejected, and the Irish Judicature Bill was read a third time, Lord Denman dissenting.

The debate which preceded the second reading of the Irish Land Bill was remarkable chiefly for the vigorous attack made by the Duke of Argyll on the degradation of political character which is Mr. Gladstone's latest and worst disservice to his country; and for Lord Selborne's lament over the moral suicide in which a great career has practically closed, though it still goes on by a process of mechanical continuation. Lord Spencer, Lord Herschell, Lord Kimberley, Lord Ripon, and Lord Granville exhibited a certain uneasiness at the moral position in which they found themselves. Their halting deprecation of the offences from which they derive political and party profit—a deprecation which accuses rather than excuses—is less creditable, as it seems to us, than the bold and defiant vindication of lawlessness which Mr. Dillon, Mr. Labouchere, and Sir William Harcourt flaunt before Parliament. These doubting peers are in the moral position of King Claudius in *Hamlet*, when, by way of psychological experiment and as a last and desperate resource, he resolved to "try what repentance can," and found it did not answer so long as he kept the advantages of the sin which he deplored. The demand made by Lord Spencer and Lord Ripon that the Government ought to declare whether it will stand or fall by its Land Bill comes curiously from peers who were parties to Mr. Gladstone's declaration that his Land Purchase Bill was inseparable from his Home Rule Bill and that adherence to it was an obligation of personal and political honour; and who yet threw it overboard, with the personal and political honour attached to it, when personal and political honour became personally and politically inconvenient. Lord Salisbury declared that he regarded the Crimes Bill now before

the Commons and the Land Bill before the Lords as sister Bills, and that he would take the rejection of either as a refusal of the confidence of Parliament in the Ministry. His declaration is not stronger than that from which Mr. Gladstone and Lord Spencer departed. No doubt he will adhere to it, if the contingency should arise. The off-chance of a dissolution and another appeal to the country on the question of Parliamentary Union or Separation ought not to be left out of sight.

On Friday week the House of Commons witnessed a skirmish between Lord Hartington and Mr. Dillon with respect to the alleged complicity of some Irish members with the outrage-mongers of America. Mr. Bradlaugh, on the motion for going into Committee of Supply, moved a resolution for the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire as to the extent to which market rights are in the hands (1) of public bodies and (2) of private persons, or bodies of persons; into the manner in which these rights are exercised; and into the advisableness of compelling their transfer to local authorities, with a view to making all markets free and open. After a short discussion, in which Mr. Bradlaugh was supported by Mr. Lawson, Mr. Hanbury, and Mr. Mundella, Mr. Ritchie, appearing for the first time as a Cabinet Minister, assented to the appointment of a Commission. Mr. Bradlaugh may be congratulated in this instance on having found a useful occupation, and begun a good bit of work. He is entitled to the credit he claims for himself of having always set his face against projects of socialistic revolution, sometimes in circumstances which called for the courage in which he has never shown himself deficient. These private markets—of which Covent Garden is an example, offensive to every sense—are private monopolies, which keep the consumer and the articles he desires to buy apart, which tax him by tolls and rates, thus heightening the prices he has to pay. Their effect is in its degree that of the *octroi* in Paris, except that the dues levied go into private pockets and not into that of any public authority. After this matter had been settled, Mr. S. Smith called the attention of the House to the scandal and nuisance of prurient divorce reports, urging the prohibition of the publication of indecent details. He was supported by Mr. E. Hubbard, Mr. Finlay, Mr. Addison, Mr. Lockwood, and Mr. Shirley. The Attorney-General pointed out that under the present law, as shown in the case of *Steele v. Brennan*, the publication of indecent matter, even in legal reports, is not covered by privilege. He suggested that a rule of Court might partially meet the difficulty. But, unless there is a power of inflicting summary punishment for contempt, it may be doubted whether law or rule of Court will be operative. The difficulty of enforcing the prohibition, and the reluctance of those who care for public morals to reopen a dirty business, will encourage certain enterprising journals to risk the chance of punishment. Infamy they rather relish. The demand for filth will create the supply. The traffic in it is, as Mr. Bright once said, or was supposed to say, of adulteration, a result or form of free competition. There are no unsavoury odours about the pence that come into certain newspaper tills. Summary and ignominious punishment may deter the corrupters of the public mind. Appeals to their self-respect and sense of decency they will only laugh at. When this matter had been talked over, Mr. Gardner urged on the Education Department the desirableness of securing to Parliamentary candidates the right of holding public meetings in the buildings of schools which are in receipt of a Parliamentary grant. Favouritism, it was alleged, is shown by the managers. It may be admitted that there should be no discrimination between Trojan and Tyrian. But an equality of exclusion would probably be better than an equality of admission. The genius of the place may be wounded by political brawling; and, if one may judge by some recent examples of public spirit, the furniture and windows are likely to be injured, and the local carpenter and glazier, to say nothing of the local doctor, to be in requisition. Then boycotting, which in its minor forms appears to be a scandalous offence in England, though in its wholesale practice it is regarded as legitimate in Ireland, came under notice at the instance of Mr. Newnes; and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who apparently believes that the First Lord of the Treasury personally superintends the railway bookstalls and news agencies of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, denounced his unfairness in hindering the free sale of Liberal newspapers and other publications. Mr. Smith is too busy apparently even to look after his private secretaries, who, perhaps, cultivate a somewhat too rhetorical and polemic style of composition for the peace of their chief. To have to defend the occasional indiscretions of one's colleagues is sometimes trying. To be brought into a scrape by one's own familiar private secretary is an aggravation of the smaller miseries of public life.

On Monday, in Committee of Ways and Means, on the Income-tax resolutions being brought forward, Mr. Gladstone, having taken two or three days to reflect, expressed his matured ideas on the Budget, Lord Randolph Churchill appearing as his second in his duel with Mr. Goschen. Mr. Gladstone has never been known, we believe, though we do not pledge ourselves absolutely to a universal negative, to approve a Budget prepared by anybody else than by himself, or by any other Government than his own. Mr. Disraeli, Sir George Lewis, and Sir Stafford Northcote divide his disapprobation with Mr. Goschen, and perhaps lighten the moral weight of his condemnation. Circumstances go for much with Mr. Gladstone. He by no means favoured Sir Stafford Northcote's scheme for the redemption of the Debt. Yet he strongly denounces Mr. Goschen's partial and temporary modification of that scheme. He himself brought forward a plan for using Imperial

taxation in relief of local burdens. He did it, though he thought it was wrong. He made excuses for himself then, and he makes excuses for himself now. But he can make no excuses for Mr. Goschen, though Mr. Goschen's transfer of the carriage duties to the local authorities is avowedly a temporary and provisional arrangement pending the enactment of a measure dealing with Local Government and taxation which may become law this Session if Mr. Gladstone will renounce his tactics of obstruction. Mr. Goschen proposes to take a penny from the Income-tax, bringing it down from eightpence to sevenpence in the pound, and finds the means of doing so in taking two millions from the Sinking Fund. On Mr. Goschen's scheme, five millions a year are to be devoted to the reduction of the Debt, the Income-tax standing at sevenpence in the pound. In 1874, Mr. Gladstone proposed to abolish the Income-tax altogether, while only three millions a year were being devoted to the reduction of the Debt. He proposed to walk away with the horse, and is indignant at Mr. Goschen for looking at the animal over the hedge. In a word, what is morally right, politically expedient, and financially sound, or at least excusable, when Mr. Gladstone is in office, becomes the reverse of all these when Mr. Goschen is in office. On the whole, however, it is satisfactory to meet Mr. Gladstone on financial ground. The discussion of a Budget has a sobering and sedative effect upon him. He is comparatively quiet, argumentative, and conversational. His tones and gestures, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek's wit, are those of a Christian or an ordinary man. Business, after all, is business, and faction is faction. Lord Randolph Churchill, who has the faculty of making political arithmetic lively, was in wonderful accord with Mr. Gladstone, in asserting the principle, which he declares to be the only sound one, that relief to the taxpayer must be found in reduction of expenditure, not in redistribution of burthens. Mr. Gladstone's method, during the most brilliant part of his career, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in Lord Palmerston's Government, was precisely the reverse of his theory. Mr. Cobden charged him with making extravagant expenditure easy by skillfully adjusting burdens which he did not lighten. But Mr. Gladstone's consistency is a question, not of twenty years, more or less, but of days and hours.

On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday the game of obstruction was shamelessly renewed on the motion of going into Committee on the Criminal Law, Ireland (Amendment), Bill. The swallows of camel after camel, in the shape of Mr. Gladstone's Coercion Acts, choke over the gnat of Lord Salisbury's measure. Mr. R. T. Reid's amendment invited the House to decline to strengthen the criminal law against "combinations of tenants"—by which Mr. Reid means the thefts of the Plan of Campaign and the ruffianly outrages of Moonlighters—until the measure for relief against excessive rents now before the House of Lords shall be before the House of Commons. In other words, murder, mutilation, pitch-capping, wholesale outlawry, and ruin shall go on unchecked, until the blunders and shortcomings of Mr. Gladstone's land legislation in Ireland shall have been partially remedied. It would be superfluous to review here the speeches of Mr. Gladstone's political retainers; men who endeavour to bring the coercion of ignorant foreign opinion to bear on the deliberations of the House of Commons, and to overpower it by appealing to mobs out of doors, who will interpret that appeal as an incentive to violence. To enumerate the names of the members who took part in the debate on Mr. Reid's amendment would convey little more information than it would be to print the first dozen names in a page opened at random in the *London Directory*. A Cosham, one or two Peases, a Fry, and others—what is to be made out of them? The standard of debate has been lowered in order to enlist the most diminutive and weediest of recruits in the service of obstruction. At intervals Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Mr. Mundella, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and Lord Wolmer gave a brighter tone to the debate, which flashed up into something like spirit in the closing speeches of Lord John Manners and Mr. John Morley. After three wasted days, the House rejected Mr. Reid's amendment by a majority identical with that by which the Bill had been read a second time—a hundred and one—and progress was reported.

HELD BY THE ENEMY.

THE remarkable success obtained by Mr. Gillette's military melodrama at the Princess's is an illustration of the fact that scenic display is not, after all, absolutely necessary to secure the popularity of a piece, even at a theatre in which, from its spectacular traditions, the audience almost demand stage mounting and decorations of the most elaborate and sensational description. *Held by the Enemy* depends for its interest on none of these accessories, and although it cannot be ranked high as a literary production, it is nevertheless certainly above the average. Mr. Gillette contrives to fix the interest of his audience from the beginning to the end by very simple means. In the first place, he tells his story dramatically, and never allows it to drag for a single instant; and, in the second, his dialogue is excellent, always effective, and above all things natural and unaffected—that is, so far as it is possible for stage language to be so. It always falls upon the ear pleasantly as perfectly appropriate to the characters and situations. The plot is simple enough, and deals with the adventures of a Southern young lady, Miss McCreery, during the late Civil War, who, in

order to save a man she does not love, accuses her acknowledged lover of fabricating evidence against his rival. Heartbreaking and heartburning ensue, and not much of vital importance to the welfare of the piece occurs until the fourth act, which is in every way remarkable, containing, as it does, one admirable and possibly quite original "situation"—we say "possibly" advisedly, for already several amiable people have come forward with various theories as to its origin. However, be this as it may, and since there really is nothing new under the sun, we may rest content with the very curious "situation" which renders the fourth act of *Held by the Enemy* of such stirring interest. Briefly related, it treats of the fate of a wounded man, whom the heroine is anxious to pass through the ranks of the enemy as dead. Her lover, at great personal risk, favours her scheme, and is accused of treachery for his pains by his commanding officer, who, at the most critical moment, orders the cover to be withdrawn which screens the features of the supposed dead man. If he were discovered to be alive, the doom of the too-confiding lover would be sealed. However, when, after an instant of terrible suspense, the covering is removed, the man is found to be really dead. The excitement of the preceding scenes, during which he had to remain perfectly motionless, has proved too much for one in his weak condition—for he really is seriously wounded—and death has occurred without any one perceiving it. It is this act which raises *Held by the Enemy* above most similar melodramas of the day. After this powerful act, the last comes as a decided anticlimax; for it is devoted entirely to the pairing off of the unmarried *dramatis personæ*, a pleasant process effected by bright dialogue; but otherwise it might be an act of a comedy, instead of the finale of the tragedy which has preceded it. It, however, brings the piece to much the same kind of joyful termination that the *rondo* of an old-fashioned Italian opera affords to works of the *Sonnambula* and *Cenerentola* type, and certainly serves the purpose of sending home the audience in the best of humours. Mr. Gillette has not made much capital out of the American War, during which the action of his play takes place; for he might just as well have selected the Crimean or the Franco-Prussian War, for all the local colouring we get. It is true we have the relief of blue coats instead of the sempiternal red ones, and we have a delightful old nigger or retainer, otherwise the piece may be said to be American only by accident. There is no doubt that the great struggle between the North and South abounded in dramatically romantic incidents, and the wonder is that it should remain almost virgin soil even now, unturmed by the busy dramatists of the day ever in search of novelty. It certainly is a pity that Mr. Gillette has not taken greater advantage of the opportunity offered him, and made his piece more characteristically American than he has. In the third act we are favoured with a strong scent of gunpowder, and also with a display of "rockets" and bombs bursting in the air. As already intimated, *Held by the Enemy* is by no means a scenic piece; but such "mounting" as has been deemed necessary it has liberally received. The acting is even, but it never reaches a high level. Mr. Warner is not remarkable as the hero, but he is earnest, and his voice is sympathetic, although he persistently puts the emphasis in the wrong place, and is always rather theatrical than dramatic. Mr. Calhaem is perfect as the old nigger Uncle Rufus. Mr. Yorke Stephens, who plays with genuinely youthful feeling, is excellent as the War Correspondent. Mr. Gardiner is impressive in his thankless part, and Mr. Rignold manifests that his lifelong friendship with Henry V. has been of great service to him by imparting to him a soldierly bearing worthy of praise. Miss Alma Murray is sympathetic, but at times rather monotonous, as the heroine. The cleverest performance of all is that of Miss Annie Hughes, who is bright and girlish as Cousin Susan, the girl who "will marry the man she loves," "Auntie" to the contrary notwithstanding.

MR. HARRY FURNISS'S EXHIBITION.

BREVITY is the soul of wit, and spontaneity may well be said to be the soul of caricature. This being the case, it is easy to understand why the simple sketches in Mr. Furniss's Catalogue are so much more amusing than the elaborate works of all sizes with which he has covered the walls of the Gallery, 25 New Bond Street. However, be this as it may, he has certainly contrived an exhibition which is destined to become exceedingly popular; for, if there be one thing more than another which the ordinary run of mortals thoroughly enjoys, it is having a hearty laugh at their neighbours' expense, especially if the said neighbours be prominent personages. This amiable propensity will now be gratified to its fullest extent, at least so far as our Academicians are concerned; for Mr. Furniss gives us an entire "Royal Academy," full of "artistic jokes" on his brother artists, which many will perhaps find far more entertaining and to their tastes than the genuine exhibition in Burlington House. He has seemingly taken the immortal "Cham" for his model; and, if he lacks the amusing *entrain* of that great artist, he makes up for the deficiency by variety, a quality in which the French caricaturist was wanting, apt as he was to be perpetually introducing over and over again the same round-faced boy with the bushy hair, and his equally dishevelled mother. There are in all eighty-seven pictures in Mr. Furniss's Gallery, most of which are more or less clever parodies on some well-known artist. This supply of fun and fancy is lavished upon a series of black-and-white

drawings, expertly engraved by the Typo-etching Company. It will be noted, in the first place, that Mr. Furniss's portraits have one and all their backs turned to the public, after a principle, it would seem, according to the catalogue, that "it is felt the human back divine has not hitherto, for art purposes at least, been made enough of. The human back"—continues the facetious writer—"is full of expression, and teems with suggestions of character; and, moreover"—he concludes—"the sort of people who, by means of a thumping cheque to Academicians, and for purposes of unmerited notoriety, get their portraits hung at our annual art shows, are almost invariably quite commonplace, and generally very ugly. Their backs, therefore, are at least as interesting as their faces, and perhaps less obtrusively vulgar and vacuous." It should be observed here, however, that the catalogue is not quite correct in stating that all the portraits are back views, for there is one noble picture representing an elderly matron surrounded by her offspring in a group, in which this dame, the Hon. Mrs. Pedegreen, and her five daughters have taken an opportunity to display the aristocratic size and angularity of their noses and the toothpick-like beauty of their legs and feet. Sir John Millais comes in for his share of gentle satire, and his well-known "Cinderella," painted for the benefit of the *Graphic's* chromolithographic press, contains in the catalogue's description of it a bright little poem, in which Cinderella is seen bestriding her broom, inscribed with "E. S. D." and singing triumphantly, "I know a Bank." It would be impossible even for the casual visitor to the Royal Academy not to see at a glance who is laughed at in No. 49, wherein we behold "Pygmalion and Galatea in Lowther Arcadia." Mr. Dicksee's famous "Harmony" is not neglected; for we have a capital burlesque of it, in which the celebrated bushy-haired young lady is seen in profile, singing her heavenly melodies for the benefit of a burnt-corked hero, member of a strolling minstrel troupe, who listens intently with one eye open and the other closed. Mr. Macbeth flourishes in the Fens, and so the jokes proceed, through the list of our principal Academicians—Messrs. Alma Tadema, Hook, Stone, Faed, Crofts, Burne Jones, Armitage, Watts, Goodall, Orchardson, and Fildes. Never once, however, has Mr. Furniss been ill-natured, nor does he step beyond the limits of good taste. He laughs merrily, but not cynically, and if he sometimes rather irreverently, to use the American expression, "goes for" what is best and highest in English art, he hops over with such cheerful jollity the boundary line between the sublime and the ridiculous that the very artist he ridicules must perforce join in the hearty applause he deserves for his gracefully agile feat. Again we repeat, the catalogue is, if anything, better than the exhibition itself, for the simple reason that it has a greater appearance of spontaneity, the finished pictures being sometimes, if anything, too well and too carefully drawn.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

MR. MANNS'S benefit brought the spring series of concerts at the Crystal Palace to a close last Saturday afternoon. A large audience bore witness both to the excellence of the programme and to the high favour which Mr. Manns's conduct of the orchestra has won for him amongst all concert-goers. The instrumental numbers had been chosen by means of a plebiscite of the audience at the foregoing concert. Three of Beethoven's symphonies were entered for competition amongst twenty-four examples of that class of work. *The Pastoral* (No. 6) came out head of the poll with 253 votes, the *C minor* (No. 5) second with 135, and the seventh in A quite out of the race with 56. Other results of the voting may be found interesting as an indication of public taste. Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony*, the only one of his entered, got a third with 116; Spohr's *Power of Sound* a fourth place with 78; while Rubinstein's *Ocean* stood fifth on the list with 57, just beating Beethoven's No. 7 by one. Notable, too, is a similar practical bracketing of Mozart's stately *Jupiter* with Berlioz's crude and early *Fantastique* at 41 and 42. Schumann drew but 15 and 33 for his No. 1 and No. 4; and, more wonderful still, Haydn only scored 11 and 7 for the *Orford* and *Military* symphonies. The public appear to agree with many critics who consider Brahms's later works dry and uninspired; they gave 29 votes to his No. 4, but then they accorded no more than 27 to such romantic work as Schubert's *Tragic Symphony* (No. 4). Mr. Cowen gained the first place amongst English works with his *Scandinavian* at 50, Sterndale Bennett's *In G minor* reaching 21; Wingham's No. 4 in D, 24; Prout's No. 3 in F, 15; Macfarren's *In G minor* and Sullivan's *In E*, 4 each.

For once in a way the concert opened with a Beethoven symphony, and *The Pastoral* received a clear and vigorous exposition. The most important feature in the rendering of the first movement was perhaps its pace, which was livelier than usual; the same remark applies to the treatment of the "Andante," where a quickening of the customary time was less permissible. The Storm was quietly played and with restraint, yet well and clearly, so that the intention of every instrument was duly felt.

But a small choice of concertos was offered to the voters, and they had no hesitation in putting Mendelssohn's for the violin first with 849 voices; Liszt's *Hungarian Fantasia* for piano and orchestra came second with 463 votes, followed closely by Rubinstein's No. 4 in D for piano. The only other competitor was Vieuxtemps's first Concerto for Violin, and its supporters numbered only 119.

Mme. Norman Neruda played Mendelssohn's lovely work with her usual lightness and grace, but with hardly sufficient richness of sentiment. Mr. Schonberger was not at his best in Liszt's *Fantasia*. In the octave passages his uncommon strength stood him in good stead, but he chose to destroy the character of the piquant "Vivace assai," and so to brutalize it, that we have heard much more satisfactory renderings from players greatly his inferiors in power and technical proficiency.

The choice of Handel's *Largo in G*, for organ, harp, and violin, from a selection of miscellaneous orchestral pieces chiefly modern, is sufficiently surprising. Handel, unsupported by words, is generally considered too childlike a diet for those habitually nourished on modern music with a deep meaning. Moreover, what is really a valid objection, this is not true Handel, but merely an arrangement in which a lovely air, "Ombra mai fù," meant to be sung, is deadened and overweighted, after the usual fashion of all Handel's arrangers. Melody saves it, however, in the public estimation, and indeed the voting in this section, as in the others, goes to prove that people are not yet prepared to sacrifice melody in favour of any abstruse theory of aesthetics or cryptic programme signification. Schubert's "Entr'acte and Ballet," *Rosamunde*, came second with 104; Mendelssohn's "Scherzo and Notturmo," *Midsummer Night's Dream*, third with 86; and Weber's *Invitation*, fourth, with 77. Bach scored 37, with "Air and Gavotte," from *Suite in D*. Modern work by Berlioz, Wagner, Saint-Saëns, Mackenzie, Massenet, Rubinstein, Dvůřák, &c., was, comparatively speaking, left out in the cold.

In the Overtures, however, Wagner scored a great triumph, that to *Tannhäuser* being accepted with 317 votes, while Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* and Rossini's *William Tell* secured second and third places, with 253 and 136 respectively. Strange to say, Beethoven's *Fidelio* and Weber's *Euryanthe*, two of the most inspired overtures in the world, met with no more than forty-four and forty-seven supporters.

Mr. Edward Lloyd rendered with exquisite art Walther's "Prize Song" from Wagner's *Die Meistersänger*, Schubert's "Serenade," and Mendelssohn's "Garland." Miss Nordica made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace in Mozart's "Gli angeli d'inferno" from *The Magic Flute*, and Cliffe's "Far away from Thee." She gave the first with a fluent enough vocalization, but with hardly enough dignity. We have never heard Mr. Watkin Mills sing better than he did in "With joy th' impatient husbandman," from Haydn's *Seasons*.

We cannot take leave of the Crystal Palace concerts this year without a compliment to Mr. Manns and his orchestra for the thoroughly intelligent and conscientious manner in which they have played their various parts, and to the direction in general for the judicious balance of novelty and of standard work which has given interest to the programmes. We wish that they could see their way next season to compensate us in some measure for the disappointment we have met with at the Opera this year by the withdrawal of Gluck's *Orfeo*. While such an artist as Mme. Trebelli is to be had, surely the second act of *Orfeo*, the descent to Hell, at least might be attempted. The summer season at the Crystal Palace is to be opened by a performance of Sir A. Sullivan's successful cantata, *The Golden Legend*, on the 7th of May.

THE BELLS AND JINGLE.

MR. IRVING has wisely varied his programme at the Lyceum Theatre by reviving the chief successes among his repertory, giving meanwhile to the public the *Faust*, of which it seems they cannot tire, every Friday evening until the end of the season. He has begun with *The Bells and Jingle*, the last-named piece being compressed into one act. This diverting sketch after Dickens is effectively staged, the parts are capably filled, notably those of Rachel Wardle by Mrs. Pauncefort, and of Mr. Pickwick by Mr. Howe. The piece goes with hilarious swing, and Mr. Irving's Jingle, if it now has a touch of Macaire not formerly discernible, is not the less consonant with the great original. Indeed, Mr. Irving's Jingle is now a more brilliant and more finished performance, despite this departure, than it was when he last played it.

As Mathias, Mr. Irving surprises recollection, even that which dates not beyond the last revival. He has now brought to bear upon the part an infinity of those minute touches that mark the true actor and the constant student. For instance, he now indicates, at the same time with greater firmness and with greater delicacy than before, the fact that, prior to his terrible and terrifying dream—a dream in which the dreamer is conscious that he is a dreamer, and longs only to wake—Mathias is just so much overcome by wine as to account at once for his self-confidence and for the horrible payment he makes for his crime. This payment—the dream of horror that ends in his death—is, as MM. Erckmann-Chatrian made it, the only fitting retribution for the one damning crime which a man of great natural kindness has committed. Mr. Irving, by many individual and fine touches, accentuates the identity of the murderer whose deed blackens his conscience with the well-to-do burgomaster who is loved and respected by the whole community. It may not be out of place to point to a fact of late too often ignored or forgotten, that the Lyceum version is a good and close rendering of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's play *Le Juif Polonais*, and not an adaptation of the story by those distinguished authors bearing the same title.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE general tone of the Institute this year is certainly excellent and very even, and if there be fewer striking pictures than usual, there is an exceedingly small minority of really bad ones. The number does not decrease, for there are no fewer than 1,028, and not a few of these are by new-comers, who seem likely to take a prominent place ere long. Sir James Linton's only contribution is a large picture entitled "The Emperor Maximilian Visiting the Studio of Albrecht Dürer" (609), in which the technique displayed is perfect, but the figures, wooden and stiff-jointed, are never shown as looking at each other, but, waxen-image-like, staring at nothing. Albrecht Dürer, in a superbly painted fur robe, looks at the admiring British public; whereas the Emperor, looking for the world like a very stout old Joan of Arc, in a short petticoat over his armour, proudly displays his very Roman profile, and keeps his one visible eye rigidly fixed on a terra cotta jug in the extreme right-hand corner. A pretty lady sits on a throne-like chair attended by three pretty ladies, all richly dressed, and a page and two old gentlemen; but neither Emperor nor painter seems aware of their presence. The picture could easily be cut in two without the least disarrangement of these distinct groups, for neither seems to have the least connection with the other. The colouring, of course, is superb, and the details painted with marvellous precision. Not very far off is a very odd picture by a Mr.—or perhaps a Miss—"Evelyn" de Morgan, entitled, "Hero Watching for Leander"; and an equally queer picture by Mr. W. L. Thomas is "Jumping Powder." Mr. Fulleylove's "Italian Garden" would be charming if he had only represented it under an Italian sky instead of a London one. The tone is too grey for Italy, even on a rainy day, but the scene is delightfully picturesque. "Little Dorrit's Visit to her Sister at the Theatre," by Mr. Charles Green (625), is very beautifully painted, but Little Dorrit herself is not the Little Dorrit we all liked so much, notwithstanding the many faults of the work in which she flourished. She is not wistful enough, but the sister is very nice, and so are the good folks introduced in the quaint scene, and the attention to the details of costume is most praiseworthy. "The Inglorious Arts of Peace," by Mr. Frank Dadd, is humorous and well drawn; and there is much charm in the picture by Miss Mary L. Gow, "Pastimes"; and equally meritorious is Miss Ada Hunter's "A Winter Idyll," which is full of feeling and charm. Mr. Macbeth sends a fine picture, "A Cambridgeshire Ferry." Very beautifully painted and, above all, true in colouring and local tone, is Mr. Thos. Pyne's "A Village on the Norfolk Coast" (807). The soft yellow sunlight on the cliffs, and the quiet peaceful afternoon air abroad is most restful, and admirably painted. "On the Steps of the Lateran," by Mr. Charles Earle, is a brilliantly sketched work, the colouring suggested evidently by a close study of Turner. Mr. Fred G. Cotman's "Tranquil Evening" is most masterly, the subdued lights being in every way admirably managed and true to nature. A pretty picture is Mr. Robert Dudley's "The Fountain of Charles V. at the Alhambra, Granada," but the tone is too cold. "In the Harbour, Great Yarmouth," is a praiseworthy work by Mr. James Townshend; and Mr. Frank Dillon's "View near Batalha, Portugal," is a picture which certainly makes one long to go and visit one of the most picturesque countries in Europe. Miss Rose Barton sends an interesting picture of "St. Bartholomew the Great Church, West Smithfield"; and not very far from it is a magnificent work by Mr. Edmund G. Warren, "A Splendid Solitude," full of the softest light and with sky of the most striking effect. Mr. Winifred Freeman's carefully finished "Jack's Half Holiday" is goody-goody; and Mr. F. S. Morgan's "Flowers that bloom in the Spring," representing a young lady seated in a chair arranging spring flowers, is brightly coloured but decidedly uninteresting. Extremely clever, as a mere *tour de force*, is Mr. Alfred East's "A New Neighbourhood," in which he has contrived to render a group of brand-new houses, seen in the snow, quite picturesque. Mr. T. R. Macquoid sends a capital work, "The Interior of a Spanish Patio," wonderfully interesting as a study of Renaissance architecture. Mr. Ashton's "Madonna del Sasso," a view near Locarno, is not Italian in colour; nor is Mr. F. Dillon's "Temple of Gertasse, Nubia," sufficiently mellow in tone for Africa. The landscapes are generally excellent, but the old fashion of preparing the paper with a light coat of gamboge or sienna yellow, which gave a warm tinge to the whole, seems to have gone out of fashion of late, and the result is a certain coldness which is not always appropriate, especially in Italian and foreign scenes. Mr. Edmund Caldwell sends one of the very few pictures of animal life in the gallery; it is "A Dog in the Manger," and represents a muzzled cur keeping cats off a dish of bones that he cannot eat himself. The various expressions of the poor beasts are most amusing and admirably true to nature. In Mr. J. R. Wells's "Drake chasing the Spanish Armada in the North Sea," the vessels are blowing about in different winds, else the picture is well painted in a slightly old-fashioned style. The death of a cart-horse, as depicted by Mr. Alfred Parsons, is pathetic, and the expression of one of the ploughmen watching his fellow run off for assistance, is wonderfully true. This picture is entitled "The Top of the Hill" (161). "Recruiting for Savonarola" is an affected study of mediæval costume, unworthy of Mr. F. G. Cotman. Charity forbids our mentioning the name of the painter who sends two most extraordinary "Harmonies" in ginger and mustard colours (812 and 822). Mr. Joseph Knight's "Brown Autumn" is a beautiful picture—

rich in colour and poetical without affectation. Much cannot be said for Mr. A. W. Bayes's "Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour being turned out of Knockwinnock Castle"; or for "A Last Look," by Mr. L. da Rios; or for the "Astaroth" of Mr. E. H. Corbould, in which a lightly clothed and poudrous young lady is seen attitudinizing in the midst of a quantity of stiff flora. "Crowslip Bells" (165), a delicately-painted spring landscape, is the name of Mr. Alfred Parson's contribution; and "Setley Heath," by Mr. Wimperis, is worthy of the highest praise. Much promise is shown by Miss Helen Hatton in "From all things evil, Holy Mother, O defend me still." She is evidently an earnest student. Quite close to her pretty work is Miss Katherine Scott's admirable "Group of Flowers" (938); and "A North View of Cologne Cathedral," by Mr. H. Pilleau. "A Ford in Norfolk," by Mr. Thos. Pyne; "A Dancing Lesson," by Miss Dorifield Hardy; and Mr. Arthur Severn's "Carnarvon Castle by Moonlight," will repay inspection; and a word should be said in favour of Mr. C. Demain Hammond's amusing "Two's Company and Three's None." Mr. Joseph Nash's gloomy and queer picture, "The Miser's End," in which we behold a bedroom in great disorder by a curious effect of gloomy light, and the miser's hand peeping out from under the tumbled bedclothes on the floor, is suggestive and gruesome, although it is not made evident whether it is by suicide, murder, or natural causes that the avaricious old person came by his death. The "Pilgrims from the Campagna," by M. Guido R. Bach, suggests Eastlake's picture on the same subject. Mr. H. G. Hine's "A Back Street by Early Morning" is exceedingly clever; so also is "The Fountain of the Tortoises, Rome," by Mr. Charles Earle; while "The Fair of the Pilgrimage to the Church of the Salute, Venice," by M. Antonio Paoletti, and the "Thames at Greenwich," by Mr. Arthur Legge, deserve special notice.

MATINÉES AND RECITATIONS.

MR. GILBERT FARQUHAR appeared on Monday at the Criterion in Messrs. Sydney Grundy's and Joseph Mackay's version of *La Petite Marquise*, entitled *May and December*. It cannot be said that the piece is one in any way calculated to please the general public, however cynical and clever may be its dialogue. Essentially French in character, and doubtless extremely amusing in the original, it loses not only its point, but also all probability, by being adapted for the English stage. Some idea may be obtained of the process of cleansing that it has gone through when we remind our readers that a *cocotte* is converted into a very correct and virtuous lady, and that the equivocal positions in which the heroine is placed in the French play are purified for the benefit of the "British Matron." Sir Biblio Magniac, who wants to get rid of a young and romantic wife, simply because she disturbs his studies, is not an interesting personage, and it is quite impossible to feel any concern for his whining mock sentiment. Captain Lestrangle, too, the gentleman who is disappointed because he cannot ruin a friend's wife without marrying her, is a heartless rascal and wins no sympathy; and, as to the lady, she is simply silly, and talks such rubbish that in ordinary life she would be locked up as insane. The piece, which was very smoothly acted, however, served its purpose, although it is not likely ever to be revived for a run. It showed us—and very unmistakably too—that Mr. Gilbert Farquhar is capable of becoming an actor of great value. It is not too usual to see an Englishman on the stage so thoughtfully and cleverly made up as was Mr. Farquhar. He looked every inch the unamiable old gentleman of pedantic habits, but withal well bred and courteous when his better feelings are appealed to. Miss Kate Rorke acted the part of Lady Magniac with grace, and sometimes with effective pathos. Mr. William Blakeley was, as usual, droll as a fussy lawyer; and Mr. Gardiner made a manly Captain Lestrangle.

The names of Messrs. Clement O'Neill and Harvey Silvester are as yet quite unknown in the world of dramatic literature. It is a pity that they chose for the subject of their initial play a plot which may be fairly called "as old as the hills," and which runs upon the theme of a woman, married for a second time, thinking her first husband dead, whilst in reality he is still living, and, of course, turns up when least wanted. The piece, called *Twice Married*, given at the Gaiety on Monday, is not badly written, nor very badly constructed; but it is rather loosely put together, and the language at times is old-fashioned and stilted. Mr. Fred Lealie played the part of the second husband with considerable power, and at times with genuine feeling. It is unfortunate, however, that he should take it into his head to imitate Mr. Irving in voice and manner. He was, nevertheless, successful in proving that, if he had a clever part to play, of a heavier nature than those he has hitherto sustained, he would make a considerable effect.

Yet a third matinée, at the Princess's, introduced for the first time on any stage Mrs. C. Marsham Rae, a lady who has decided talent for acting, which, however, requires proper direction if it is to be of any service to her in the event of her adopting the stage as a profession. Miss Sophie Eyre supported Mrs. Rae, and acted with much intensity. The piece in which these ladies appeared is entitled *The Witch*, and is adapted from the German by Mr. C. Marsham Rae. Although admirably written, it is not at all likely to become popular in this country, unless, indeed, it be very much condensed.

Mr. E. W. Watts-Russell's recitations at Westminster Town Hall are remarkably interesting. Mr. Russell has so much talent, such a complete mastery of the various passions he likes to portray, his voice is so clear, resonant, and good, and he is so perfectly free from tricks and mannerisms, that it seems almost a pity that he does not adopt the stage as a profession. So far as declamatory skill goes he would have very little to learn and much to teach others.

AN INCIDENT AT HAWARDEN.

(See Daily Papers.)

OUR grand Mr. W. G.,
He was going to cut down a tree,
When he was aware
Of a curious pair
Who had followed the process to see.
"Come hither, and say who are ye?"
"O, two loyal Welshmen are we!"
"Are ye Liberals?" "Yes;
And Home Rulers, we guess."
"Why, that's capital! Bless you!" says he.

"Of all the lands girt by the sea,
O Wales! there is nothing like thee;
In wisdom and virtue
No rival can hurt you,
For don't you go solid for me?"

"Yes; all men, I think, will agree
That your land's most enlightened and free,
In the sense, first and chief,
Of religious belief,
But, and also politicallee."

Now here interposed Mrs. G.
"Quite familiar your face is to me;
In your looks I descry
Something known to my eye;
I have seen you before, sir," said she.

"Stay, I think I have now got the key;
Were you not at a meeting?"—says he
"At a meeting at—"
Yes; I was, ma'am! my rank
That of chairman, too, happened to be."

Then she called Mr. W. G.,
Who threw his axe down by the tree,
And exclaimed, "It's no go,
I can not strike a blow
Till your hand I have shaken," said he.

He shook it, and then Mrs. G.
(As the statesman went back to the tree)
Said: "Perhaps you might like
(The thought happens to strike)
To ask after my husband," says she.

"Well; know then," went on Mrs. G.,
"That his health is as good as can be;
He's convinced he will live
Ireland's freedom to give,
And dismember the Empire," says she.

Says the Welshman:—"O grand Mrs. G.!
It's no end of a marvel to me
How a man can be sure
That his days will endure
Till he comes back to office," says he.

But, of course, if our great Mr. G.
Can thus through futurity see,
'Tis no wonder he knows
What is hidden from those
Who have no better organs than we.

REVIEWS.

PERSIA AND THE PERSIANS.*

IN the winter of 1882-1883 the author was appointed by President Arthur to the Legation in Persia, just created by Act of Congress. In 1885, with the accession of the Democratic party to power, he returned to private life, in accordance with the

* *Persia and the Persians*. By S. G. W. Benjamin, late Minister of the United States to Persia, &c. London: John Murray. 1887.

practice of the diplomatic service of the United States. The experiences connected with the establishment and conduct of the Legation at Teherán suggested the present volume." These lines from Mr. Benjamin's preface will indicate clearly enough the character of the volume before us. Mr. Benjamin is not an Orientalist, and, as far as Persia was concerned, saw little of that country beyond what every diplomat passes on his road to and from Teherán; but the American Minister is a shrewd observer, and managed to understand a good deal about the triangular game now being played by Russia, Persia, and England; and, besides, assuredly the comments of an unbiased Republican on the working of the absolute Persian monarchy must be interesting and edifying to the British reader. It is not, however, with the political chapters of the book that we propose to deal in the present instance.

The American Minister and the members of his legation travelled to Teherán via the Black Sea and the Caspian. At Poti, on the former, where he landed, he "found the golden fleece for which the country is famous"; in other words, the landlord of the hotel, in reckoning his bill on the morrow, set it down in roubles where francs had been agreed upon on the previous evening. Was there ever a traveller who was not robbed at that Poti hotel? From Poti on the Black Sea to Baku on the Caspian, by rail, with no other adventure than the circumventing of a deep-laid plot on the part of the proprietor of the buffet at Tiflis "to rob us of our entire baggage—a plot happily frustrated by the prudence to which we had been educated from the moment of our arrival in the Caucasus." Escaping once again from the clutches of the Baku hotel proprietor, they took the Russian steamer to Enzeli, and there were duly received on their landing in Persia by the Mehmandār, the Court official despatched by the Shāh to meet foreign envoys and conduct them to the capital. From the bustling vulgarity of Russian civilization at Baku to the semi-barbaric, time-no-object, old-world life of Persia, in the Pavilion of the Shāh at Resht, was indeed a change. Mr. Benjamin has bidden adieu to hotels, and the Governor of Resht has lodged him in his own palace on the upper floor. And a beautiful palace it is.

I do not here insist that the workmanship there displayed was in all respects finished after Western notions, for the tools of the Persians are rude; but I noticed everywhere a genius sensitive to artistic effects, a keen and poetic appreciation of beauty, and a consummate adaptation of climatic needs to the materials at hand. And I must frankly say that I gained more genuine artistic satisfaction out of the provincial residence at Resht than from the most sumptuous structures I have ever seen in the United States. Everywhere I saw beauty combined with a feeling of repose; in a word adaptation, simplicity, and thorough artistic effect. On the floors the richest carpets Persia can boast allured the eye, and upon these the mattresses were laid. Everywhere the foot moved silently on velvet, woven into the most exquisite and irregularly regular designs, which suggest that a personal element entered into their warp and woof instead of the mechanical action of unfeeling iron and steam. . . . Reclining in Oriental ease on the cushioned carpets, one can easily dispense with chairs, as he quaffs the aromatic tumbak of Shirāz in a silver kiliān, and gazes languidly on the mighty ranges of Elburz, towering grandly above the forests of Ghilān and the red roofs of Resht. . . . Around the side of our apartments was a broad verandah overlooking the gardens, and a highly picturesque Imām Zādē, or tomb of a saint, canopied by the massive foliage of a venerable chinār. Every evening we were entertained by the magnificent voices of a man and a boy, who sang the call to prayers, one from the roof of the bath, the other from the verandah adjoining our rooms. They seemed to vie in responding, each appearing to surpass the other with the full-throated metallic ring of their cadences. The air seemed dead after the echo of their song had died away on the twilight calm.

Somewhat rudely disturbed during his reveries in this "Castle of Indolence" by a message that the Shāh would shortly be leaving the capital for summer quarters, the American Minister set off post for Teherán, and on arriving was duly received "with all the honors awarded to the highest rank of envoys." There were "royal guards" and "a regiment of cavalry," and "an imposing array of the civil and military dignitaries of the Court," showing undoubtedly the good will of the Shāh towards the United States, and very gratifying to the austere Republicanism "of the first Minister from that country to Persia." But details of official visits and Court ceremonies—even of ceremonies at the Persian Court—wearily in the long run, and we are altogether surfeited in turning over Mr. Benjamin's pages by the reiterated accounts of the "elegant repast" at Zaheer-i-Doulēh's, and the "handsome breakfast" given by the Mouchir-i-Doulēh, and the remarks of the "urbane hosts" at the "elegant dinners," where evidently, rather to Mr. Benjamin's astonishment, "they still prefer the native custom of sitting on the floor with the meal spread before them on trays of copper or silver." From the stifling atmosphere of Teherán in June, and the courteous urbanities of the "leading officers of the Persian Government," to whom a chapter is devoted—and very gratifying doubtless will it be to the individuals herein mentioned, though somewhat puzzling to old acquaintances, by reason of the queer disguise of many of the names (the Mukhtar ad Douleh becomes the *Mohper*, the Mo'tamed ad Douleh figures as the *Moatémeh*, and the Sipah Salār's name is written *Super Salār*)—it is quite refreshing to be taken up to the summer camping-ground of the American Legation in the Lār Valley. The Lār is a mountain stream full of fish (trout, and a peculiar species of grayling), and its upper valley, high in the Elburz Chain under the foot of Mount Demavend, is one of the pleasantest places in Persia for a summer camp during the hot months.

The camp, we found, was planted about the centre of a rolling plain several miles long and about two miles wide, completely hemmed in by rocky mountains, absolutely bare, but lovely in their very savageness, painted as they were by the various grey or ruddy hues peculiar to volcanic formations. . . . The plain we were on was ten thousand nine hundred

feet above the sea, and Demavend rose ten thousand feet higher. No vegetation was visible on the deeply-scamed slopes of its cone; but the summit was crowned with eternal snow, which extended down several thousand feet, mostly in the clefts of the deep ravines and precipices. . . . I followed the course of the Lār River to where it rushes roaring out of a Tartarean gorge at Peloure, and is joined by several other streams. After the junction the Lār is called the Harhaz, and becomes one of the most important streams in Persia. I have seen no river scenery elsewhere much grander than is the gorge of the Harhaz. The river rushes deep and strong at the bottom of a narrow abyss, which it has cloven for itself in the long course of ages. Hundreds, and in some places thousands, of feet above rise the wall-like precipices. Here and there, far up on the green shelves, are clumps of dense verdure and picturesque hamlets, reached by winding and dizzy paths.

Here, the undulating slopes around them dotted with the black goat's-hair tents of the Iliyāts or nomad tribes of Persia, and the herds of the Royal brood-mares and colts grazing and wandering at will, the American Minister and his party passed many pleasant weeks. There are ibex to shoot in these regions, for him who is capable of stalking and hitting the animal at a distance of never less than two hundred yards, also as aforesaid trout, who, however, showed "an indifference amounting to contempt for the daintiest flies we coaxingly threw in their way. . . . But"—and we blush for very shame in quoting the passage—"when we baited our hooks with young grasshoppers or frogs, we discovered the gastronomic weakness of these epicures of the Lār." Alas for the fair trustfulness of the fish!

Mr. Benjamin has brought together to form an interesting chapter his notes on the arts and art industries of Persia. For the interior decoration of their houses the Persian architects make use of work in plaster of Paris—called *gatch*—after a manner that admirably displays both the taste and the skill of the workmen. The apprentices are left by the master entirely free; they are guided in their work by no pattern or design, but merely follow their natural instincts, supplemented by practice. "One may see a workman carefully moulding an intricate design out of a mass of plaster without any pattern to guide him, often with neither rule nor compass, and using only a slight shaping tool of wood; and if he be questioned as to who were his instructors, and what principles he follows in reaching such exquisite results, he will reply that he had no systematic instruction, and gives himself little trouble about art principles: he grew up to the business, and produces such designs because he feels inspired to create them." A perfectly fairy-like effect is obtained by the system of wall-decoration, called in Persian *Aināh karree*. The *gatch* ceiling and walls of the room are moulded into the most intricate forms, the former being stalactitised in a honeycomb pattern, and the last, as it were, panelled and embossed. And then, while the plaster is yet soft, the surfaces and facets are inlaid with fragments of looking-glass, of every form and size. The amount of toil, patience, and skill requisite to inlay a great banquet hall after this manner is truly incalculable; also, in spite of the cheapness of the materials employed—plaster of Paris and bits of looking-glass—the immense labour required renders this style of decoration very costly, even in Persia where time is as of no account; but there can be no doubt as to the effect produced when the lights of the chandeliers are thus reflected on all sides from these thousands upon thousands of polished facets. On the old *Kāshee* ware and reflet tiles, Mr. Benjamin has much that is interesting to relate; he speaks of one gigantic tile (quite unique we should imagine) "as being over six feet long and four feet broad," but it is in the shrine of the Imām Rezā at Meshed, where no Christian may enter. On carpets and painted pen-boxes, mosaics and inlaid woods, much information is given; also concerning the peculiar embroidered articles called *nacsh*, which are now so eagerly bought up for the European market for the purpose of chair-covers and cushions. The pieces of *nacsh* are about two feet long and sixteen inches wide; they consist entirely of silk embroidery, so stiff and firm that their durability is simply phenomenal. Says Mr. Benjamin:—"One of the arts of Persia, now no longer practised, is the embroidering of—what shall we call them?—well, ladies' pantalettes, called by the Persians *nacsh*. The house-costume of Persian women having undergone a great change in this century, being considerably abbreviated, the embroidered articles called *nacsh* have been discarded." In other words, since Persian ladies nowadays affect in private the costume of ballet-dancers (minus their shoes and stockings), we in Europe may delight our artistic tastes by sitting or leaning on ancient embroideries which otherwise would have been worn threadbare within the walls of the harem, and never have seen the light of day beyond.

Within the space of a review it is impossible to do more than notice a few of the more interesting points among the many treated of by Mr. Benjamin in this work, which, it may be added, is well illustrated by numerous original sketches of life and scenery in Persia. As long as he busies himself with describing what passed under his own eyes, the American Minister is amusing and instructive in his descriptions and shrewd in his comments. Now and again, however, he offers to be didactic on points of philology and ethnology, and then he gets confused; as, for instance, on p. 130, where he informs us that "their [the Persians'] language is Sanscrit, but greatly modified by the changes of time." A few passages further on the following very curious statements occur, and we give them for what they are worth:—"The Afghāns and the Rohillas of India are undoubtedly descended, in part at least, from the Jews. They themselves acknowledge this to be the fact. . . . The term *Afghān* means 'wailing.' This seems to suggest that they are descended from the mysterious Ten Tribes

who, it may reasonably be supposed, lamented their distant captivity. It is deeply to be regretted [and here we entirely agree in words with Mr. Benjamin, though not quite as he would take them] that this endless problem, which is not of the slightest practical value, cannot be settled once for all by accepting this solution of the question."

FIVE NOVELS.*

THREE volumes are overmuch to give to the study of the character of that "bundle of anomalies" Lady Craven; and yet there is little else in these *Passages in the Life of a Lady* which is at all noteworthy. "Few human beings were so inconsistent as Lady Craven. In the course of this story it will be seen that she did things which seemed utterly at variance with her nature as it appeared to me and as I endeavour to portray it. She loved Freedom in fancy; she was romantic in thought and aspiration; yet she was often rigorous, exacting, and trammelled in action. She was warm-hearted and generous, yet capable of doing cruel things. She was a God-fearing woman, honourable and just in all her dealings, and yet—." And yet this woman, whose ruling passion was an idolatrous love for her daughter, whom she worshipped as savages worship graven images, this woman, who "averted perpetually that Conscience was her only standard and Duty her only aim," turned aside every stone which stood in the way of her marrying her young daughter to a man whom she knew to be a profligate, a spendthrift, and the lover *en titre* of a married woman. But then in Lady Craven's eyes Horace Bethune was such "a peerless creature." He had fought in the Peninsula, he had been wounded, and he carried his wounded arm in a sling. Imogen Craven was a "sensitive and retiring girl," who did not like the conspicuous exhibition of her arms and feet which her mother's insistence on her playing the harp in all companies rendered necessary. Yet in course of a very little time, and after her military lover's fit of drunkenness at Carlton House had been explained away, she was quite ready to give her hand and heart to Mrs. Poyntz's acknowledged lover, provided the Colonel would assure her that the disgraceful *liaison* had come to an end. The marriage, after some little difficulties, was arranged to take place; and Lady Craven paid the bridegroom's debts, and insisted on settling on him, in case of her death, her own fortune of sixty thousand pounds. The foolish mother, infatuated by the soldier's beauty and fine manners, and scornful of all obstacles, was blind to the cruel destiny she was creating for her daughter. When Mrs. Poyntz sent anonymously to Imogen a letter from Bethune which should have broken off the match, Lady Craven, the refined gentlewoman, whose whole nature would have shrunk a little before the merest suspicion of coarseness in men or women, thought the Colonel was probably drunk when he wrote the letter, and that his indiscretion, therefore, might very properly and easily be condoned. When Imogen had become Mrs. Bethune, things went on pretty well for a short time; but the Colonel soon found Lady Craven's interference in her daughter's concerns intolerable. Lady Craven found her son-in-law's interference with her choice of her daughter's gowns more intolerable still. At Waterloo Bethune had been again terribly wounded, so much so that he had to retire from the service on full pay. This irritated his mind and affected his health. He scornfully refused a Colonial Governorship, which had been virtually offered to him, and set off by himself to some German baths. The cool, self-possessed, unprincipled man of the world now becomes a villain of the old Transatlantic school of melodrama. He pretends to commit suicide; assumes a ridiculous disguise; joins Mrs. Poyntz, now a widow, and travels with her into Poland. Imogen, accompanied by an unselfish cousin, John Darville, who loved her with a very noble love, follows on his track, and comes up with him just as he has received a mortal wound in a duel with a certain Ivan Stepanovitch, who had been the first victim of the fatal Russian beauty whose "glittering shoulders," "over-full lips," and dazzling complexion, beside which all others "looked muddy," had turned heads and broken hearts innumerable. Mrs. Bethune forgave her dying husband, she forgave her wicked rival, but she never forgave her mother. In the end she married her cousin John, but she never loved him as she had loved the man who wronged and insulted her, and who, if he had shot Ivan Stepanovitch instead of being shot by him, would infallibly have broken her heart. Lady Craven, as we have said, is a capital study of a clever, kindly, well-meaning woman, without mental ballast and with the dangerously casuistic turn of mind which persuades itself that each of its ever-veering inconsistencies is the one and only truth. The fatuous adoration of such a woman for such a man as Bethune must necessarily have developed into bitter hatred, as her contempt for homely John Darville must necessarily have ripened into hero-worship. All this is extremely na-

tural, and is very cleverly brought out by Mr. Hamilton Aidé. That Imogen could never freely forgive her mother is one of those painful truths ordained by nature herself, and which only an unskilful artist would have essayed to rule otherwise. On these points Mr. Aidé shows himself anything but an unskilful artist. And to those portions of his novel which deal with such developments and idiosyncrasies of character we cheerfully accord high praise. Mrs. Priam, again, is an excellent bit of character-painting. Bethune himself, until he sets off on his chase after Nadine Poyntz, is a well-mannered, gentlemanlike, rather pleasant reprobate, or, as plain-spoken Lady Styton calls him, "a devilish fine fellow"; but his character is ill sustained. The book is altogether too long in proportion to its beggarly paucity of incident. The story and the principal people who move in it are of the earth and very earthy. It is true that John Darville is a fine, true-hearted gentleman, and that Mrs. Priam is a very worthy old soul; but to most of the personages in the book the world is really a Vanity Fair; few of them have any ideal beyond a good settlement in life. Material prosperity is their *summum bonum*. We find in these pages no imagination, no poetry, no pathos, and only the very feeblest attempt at humour. There is nothing in the book to make one feel even momentarily better for having read it. And, worst fault of all, artistically speaking, in a novel, it never stirs the pulses, and seldom awakens interest. Having laid the scene some seventy years ago, we are bound to say that the author has well caught the tone of the time. He is not free, however, from the common fault of novelists who choose their personages in a past age. He makes his hero and heroine come in contact with almost everybody of importance who lived at the same time. It was, perhaps, almost necessary that persons in society like Lady Craven and Colonel Bethune should have gone to Carlton House, and should have met the Duke of Wellington, Lord Alvanley, and other of the personages who are numbered among their acquaintance; but was it needful for them to have known Schubert, Weber, and Rossini? We have said that Mr. Aidé's book is commendably free from anachronisms; but one doubt haunts our mind. Did Russian counts carry small cigarette-cases and smoke cigarettes in the year 1816?

In the *Leafy Month of June* is an autobiographical story told by the heroine, chiefly in the present tense. The reader will form a very fair notion of what is in store for him when in the opening pages he comes upon such a sentence as this:—

My eyes wandering round the room in search of inspiration are arrested by the reflection of my own insignificant person in a neighbouring glass. I see a little sunburnt face, brown eyes, a wide mouth, and a shock of yellow hair, nothing much to admire in that certainly; but I wonder vaguely whether, if decently dressed in something becoming instead of an ugly, faded, shrunk gown, Dorothy Fairfax might not be made more presentable.

He is quite prepared to hear the sunburnt lady, with her aspirations after future good looks and her present shock of yellow hair, thus moodily soliloquize a little later on in the story:—"What does anything matter now?" I repeat in dull level tones, then in sudden passionate contradiction of what I have taken for genuine indifference, I stretch my arms out to the empty air, and call to the unanswering darkness, "Come back, my love, come back!" It hardly causes us a gentle surprise when Miss Fairfax addresses a young soldier, who dances with her at a ball, as "Lieutenant Cressy"; and we scarcely raise our eyebrows when the fascinating and almost irresistible villain of the tale assures us that "we gentlemen appreciate" so and so. Dr. Lerèche, who makes this observation, obtains a sinister influence over the heroine by persuading her that her father can be held up to public obloquy, and perhaps brought to public punishment, for a gross professional blunder which had in reality been committed by himself. Then, of course, there is a missing letter which causes all kinds of complications. All comes right at the end. Lerèche himself confesses that Dorothy is right to cast him off, and to make herself and her true lover, Frank Chalmers, happy. We have nothing further to say of the book, which is neither good nor bad, but which is, as the Irishman said of his homely sister, at any rate "honest and well meaning."

The heroine of *For Love or Gold*, on meeting by the riverside a young man whom she had never seen before, falls into easy conversation with him, and compliments him on his good looks. We are not the least surprised when she afterwards throws him over for his elder brother, who was a peer. The Honourable Richard Anstruther himself was rather a lucky fellow for a younger son. At the age of thirty he got a thousand a year out of the Foreign Office. Young men of family in this novel are generally fortunate. When Mr. Dalrymple's debts obliged him to seek a lucrative berth abroad, his talents as "a first-rate linguist" enabled him to obtain an appointment under the Governor-General of Canada, a knowledge of many languages besides English and French being, as is well known, an essential and necessary qualification for public life in the Dominion. If we say so little of this book, it is simply because we can find nothing more to say.

When Loveday Owen, the heroine of *The World Below*, is left an orphan and is turned out of doors by a cruel uncle, she sets to work to earn her livelihood by manual labour. Whether a person who, we are told, had "abnormal brain power," who at four years old could handle a violin, and at nine years old take part in quartettes by Beethoven and Mozart, was doing right, even in the interests of the poor, to be content with the earnings of a seamstress, will be by reasonable folks more than doubted. At any rate, she was not likely to be guided to a more suitable way of life by her lover, Tom Pwllmeyric, who was not much wiser or

* *Passages in the Life of a Lady* in 1814-15-16. By Hamilton Aidé, Author of "Rita" &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

In the *Leafy Month of June*. By L. E. Tiddeman. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

For Love or Gold. By Mrs. Henry Arnold, Author of "Monk's Hollow." 2 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

The World Below. By E. M. Abdy Williams (Mrs. Bernhard Whishaw), Author of "Two Lifs" &c. 3 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

A Son of Hagar. By Hall Caine. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

more practical than herself. He is of opinion, so far as we can understand his not very lucid reasoning, that crime and poverty and disease exist and flourish, not in spite of Christianity, but almost because of it. Neither he nor Miss Owen seems ever to have heard of the work done in the slums by men and women who are Christians as well as philanthropists—nay, some of whom are actually clergymen. Miss Owen, with a great deal of profession of practicality, is as unreal and sentimental as she well can be, and most unpleasingly self-conscious. Besides the poor, to whom, with all her professions of sympathy, she only dedicated, as we have seen, the very smallest of her talents, she had friends to whose feelings one would suppose she owed some consideration, but on whom she never seems to have wasted a thought. The only practical person, indeed, in the story is Isabel Pwllmeyric, Tom's sister; and unfortunately her common sense is divorced from a rigid sense of morality. When Tom was sent away from home, this young lady expressed her firm intention of going to keep house for him. Sir Francis, her father, positively forbade her to go, and refused to supply her with money for the journey. Whereupon Miss Pwllmeyric goes to the pigsty, picks out one of her father's best porkers, drives it to market herself, sells it there, and travels to Tom with the proceeds. There are passages in poor Jessie Moss's story which are unaffectedly pretty and pathetic, and the most critically disapproving reader of the book as a whole must be touched by the incident of the gently-nurtured Miss Owen rushing off to play her fiddle at night in the crowded Strand in the hope of raising by her performance the two shillings required for the conveyance of her sick friend to the hospital.

We cannot but wish that the author of *A Son of Hagar* had not written a novel with the object of "pleading for the natural rights of the bastard." The wrongs of the illegitimate do not form a pretty subject for a tale of fiction, which the prestige of the author's name will probably introduce into many a household where the age and sex of perhaps the majority of the novel-readers ought to protect them from the study of questions better suited for the pages of a legal review. Are not some of these wrongs, too, rather fanciful and non-existent? Mr. Caine assures us that the law does not recognize the right of a mother to call her son her own. We had always thought that the only name a bastard could legally inherit was that of his mother. Mr. Anthony Trollope took great pains that the law laid down in his novels should always be sound and unopen to cavil. Does not Mary Thorne, who was illegitimate, inherit an enormous fortune as the elder child of her mother? In his preface Mr. Caine tells us that one great object of this clever novel is to show "in what tragic ruin a man of strong passions, great will, and power of mind, may resist the force that precipitates him and save his soul alive." In Hugh Ritson this development of character is evolved with a masterly hand. Perhaps only a man with such marvellous capacity for evil could have repented so grandly and so nobly. *A Son of Hagar* is quite as powerful a novel as *The Shadow of a Crime*. The author's aims are as high and pure, his burning love of justice is as apparent. Many of the "situations" are as impressive; and his portraits of Cumberland rustics are admirable in their strength and lifelikeness. We wish that he had selected another theme, and we should be better pleased if Lawyer Bonnthorne was not always quite so ready with his wearying catchword, "Odd, isn't it?" But we can find nothing else to wish altered in this very able novel. We must not conclude without a word of special appreciation of Parson Christian, who, except in his superior holiness, reminds us of De Quincey's and Wordsworth's Lake pastor, Joseph Sympton.

JAPONICUS, -CA, -CUM.*

WHEN Ser Marco Polo sojourned so long in Far Cathay he was constantly hearing of the golden treasures of the island-kingdom of Jipangu, and it was in trying to get to Marco Polo's Jipangu the other way round that Columbus a century later knocked up against the Bahamas. The word originated in the Chinese Jih-pên-kwo, which means Rising-Sun-Country; for there are no such sounds in Japanese; the name of the country, now Dai Nihon or Nippon, the Japanese pronunciation of the Chinese characters for Jih-pên, and importing Great-Sun's-Origin, having been in ancient times O ya shima, Eight Grand Islands, and also—and still poetically—Yamato, the etymology of which is unsettled. Such is the genesis of the adjective Japonicus, which has been freely applied—much more freely than the newer Nipponicus—in the scientific names of the native fauna and flora. Indeed our gardeners, and even fair ladies, will condescendingly tell us "That's a japonica," and, dire to relate, a lexicographer so successful as Dr. Hepburn does the same (*sub voce fu-dan*).

In some cases the Japanese name of a species or variety has been taken over in a mangled form. To choose the familiar instance of the *Aucuba japonica*, the female plant of which was brought to Europe long before the male, and so, berryless, may be said to have suffered a grass-widowhood of some eighty years. Thunberg, who named it, probably showed a leaf to a

Japanese and, asking what it was, received the reply awo-ki-ba, "pale-green-tree-leaf," the name of the plant itself being awo-ki. If we could only get the correct native words they would be preferable by far to monstrosities formed from the names—otherwise highly worthy—of European botanists and others who have had little or nothing to do with the case. *Kiri japonica*, for example, would be infinitely better than *Paulownia imperialis*, which is quite off the spot, and merely conveys a riddlemære allusion to a Russian emperor. Had it been *Kiri imperialis* even it would have been welcome, for a conventional representation of the flower forms a cognizance of the Mikado himself. Again, it grates upon one to find the ma saka ki, or perfect saka tree, famous in the myth of the sun-goddess, mentioned nigh a dozen centuries ago in the oldest extant Japanese book, the *Kozhiki*, and still an offering at the family shrine in almost every household in Japan, called *Cleyera jap.*, after Andreas Cleyer, the industrious head of the Dutch factory at Deshima towards the end of the seventeenth century. But it must frankly be confessed that there are often difficulties in the way of giving a native name. Japanese specialists are close and minute observers of nature, and distinguish varieties with care and accuracy; but local names for the same individual production are, as in all countries, so numerous as not alone to puzzle foreign men of science, but to confuse the Japanese specialist himself; and thus it comes to pass that no two of the authorities here to be cited will be found to agree throughout in the native names. But we must only take what we get, and put up as best we can with the nonsense which loads many of the European books, whether due to utterly bad information, foolish transliteration, or misprints.

Dr. Mène's recent book of nearly six hundred pages on the vegetal productions of Japan demonstrates these conflicting errors in a useful, if remarkable, way. With an industry worthy of much consideration he has brought together the information contained in many special treatises not of easy access, and—so far as the printer has seen fit to permit him—has set down the names given by each authority, or want of authority, to every tree or plant he mentions. There is thus necessarily a considerable amount of repetition, but we shall not quarrel with that where it aids—nay, amuses—the careful student by pitting one errorist against another; although Dr. Mène does not pretend to act as umpire in the dispute. The frank admission in both preface and postface that the President of the "Société des Etudes Japonaises, Chinoises, et Indo-Chinoises, etc.," found the Japanese syllabary too many for him, completely disarms us, and we shall not say a word more about it, but shall freely thank Dr. Mène for what his laborious compilation has attained.

To the Dutch naturally belongs the earliest, and, indeed, most of the credit of introducing us to Japanese botany, and one of the most accurate papers on the subject, so far as it goes, is the list of botanical Japanese and Chinese plant-names published with the Chinese characters and the Latin botanical titles in the *Journal Asiatique* for 1852, by the well-known Dr. J. Hoffman of Leyden, assisted by the botanist Schulthes. This list runs to 630 numbers and was preceded in 1826 by Ph. Fr. von Siebold's synopsis of 447 economical plants in the Transactions of the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences. Hoffman used Yōnan Tenshiu's excellent *Kwa-i*, or collection of flowers (Miako: 1765), and other Japanese and Chinese works. A useful but not quite accurate list of plants used for food, by Mr. E. Kinch, will be found in Vol. XI. of the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, and the late learned Dr. Geerts contributed to Vol. IV. of the same periodical a "preliminary Catalogue" of Japanese timber-trees; relying for the genuine Japanese names and synonyms upon Ono Ranzan's classical work, *Hon-Zo-Ko-Moku-Kai-Mo*, and Miquel's *Prolusio Flora Japonica* (Amsterdam: 1867). There is also, of course, Franchet and Savatier's exhaustive *Enumeratio Plantarum in Japonia* (1875), which is connected with the able native work, *Sōmoku Zussetsu*; and these may be supplemented by the *Decada* of the Russian botanist Maximovitch. The *Handbook for Japan* by Satow and Hawes (2nd ed. John Murray: 1884) also contains a compendious notice of Japanese botany by Mr. F. V. Dickins. Another book by a Japanese named Matsumura is the *Nomenclature of Japanese Plants* (Tōkiō: 1884.)

This by no means exhausts the labourers in these fields, which Cleyer—whose work still, we believe, reposes unedited in the Royal Library of Berlin—was the first to enter (1683-1700). Kaempfer soon followed (1690-1716), and the British Museum holds his collections, from which Sir Joseph Banks published forty-nine plates in 1791, with the title *Icones Kaempferianae*. Thunberg (1775) was the first to apply the Linnæan methods to the Japanese flora; but he borrowed from Kaempfer's *Amanitates exoticæ* his Japanese names. Botanically speaking, Thunberg's labours, once highly valued, are devoid of scientific accuracy, and scarcely one in six of his Japanese words approaches correctness; while Kaempfer is in many things as antiquated as Titsingh. Von Siebold reached Japan in 1823 and devoted himself, amid his other invaluable researches, to the botany of the country. The result was his *Flora Japonica* published at Leyden with the aid of Zuccarini from 1835 to 1844, when it unfortunately came to a premature end at the twenty-fifth part. Zuccarini in subsequent works did not confine himself to Japan, but proved that its southern plants greatly resemble those of the middle and warmest regions of China, and that almost all Japanese cultivated plants are common to those countries and Corea. But sufficient materials have not yet been collected for a satisfactory comparison

* *Des productions végétales du Japon*. Par le Dr. E. Mène, président de la Société des Etudes Japonaises, Chinoises, et Indo-Chinoises, etc. Paris: Société d'Acclimatation.

with North-eastern Asia. Other countries are well represented, even our own. The *Enumeratio* catalogues 2,750 species, 266 of which are British, and some 150 are common to Japan and the Atlantic forest-region of North America.

The Japanese bark-paper may here fitly come first in a brief excursus through the forests and plantations of Nippon. The strongest and commonest papers are made of the bark of the mitsu-mata or three-forks, *Edgeworthia papyrifera*, the native name being descriptive of the three symmetrical branches that form every crotch of the tree. The better qualities of paper come from the kôzo or kaji tree, also known as the Suruga paper-bush, *Broussonetia papyrifera*, which belongs to the mulberries and was introduced from China. The inner bark, when boiled and steamed for three or four hours with the ashes of buckwheat straw, and then well brayed and mixed with water, rice-flour, and a decoction of hydrangea roots, yields a fine workable paste; and the mucilage of the roots of *Hibiscus Manioc* when employed for sizing this paper effectually protects it from the bookworm—a point which claims the serious notice of bibliophiles and paper-makers here at home. The same materials also give the wonderful leather-papers of Japan, to which our binders should pay more attention. That tissue-paper of marvellous tenuity, airier than the wings of Queen Mab's grasshoppers, which will float about upon a zephyr, comes from the bark of a scarce shrub, the gampi or *Lachnis grandiflora*.

Paper leads to wood-engraving, a most important art and trade in Japan, where the vast majority of the books have always, until very recent years, been block-books faithfully reproducing the MSS. of their writers, which are pasted on to the blocks to guide the engraver. The prevalence of the block-book and its ancient victory over the long-known movable type are to be easily explained by the vast and unhandable plant which was required for complete founts of thousands upon thousands of Chinese and Japanese characters; while in the block-book the facile native woodcutter rapidly and cheaply reproduced, and still reproduces, an unlimited variety of cursive Chinese characters and of hiragana or katagana Japanese words or terminations. This he does generally on the wood of the sakura or *Prunus Pseudo-cerasus*, or for finer work, and when a great number of copies are required, on boxwood, tsuge, *Buxus japonica*, or on the inu-tsuge, the dog (or inferior) box—*Ilex crenata*. Every functionary in Japan has his seal for documents, and so has every shopkeeper for his letters, bills, and receipts; so has every artist for his pictures. These seals are a great vanity, and are generally carved from the wood of the *Camellia japonica*, the native tsubaki, or from the tsuge.

Not the least engrossing element in researches into the flora of Japan is encountered in the traces of tree-worship here and there to be detected. In Shintô the hi no ki, the sun- or fire-tree, *Chamaecyparis obtusa*, is the sacred tree of predilection; the temples being constructed exclusively of this wood, even to the tiles and nails, or pegs; and from time immemorial down to this day the sacrificial fires are kindled with drills made of hi-wood—whence perhaps its name. At the great bonzeries of Nikkô, or sun-splendour, so named in the ninth century, the shrines of the Shôguns are surrounded by sugi trees, the Japan cedars, *Cryptomeria japonica*, which measure 20 feet in girth and run to 120 feet in height, contributing no little to the force of the Japanese saying:—Nikkô minakereba kekkô to yuna; If you haven't seen Nikkô, you mustn't say "Marvellous!"—the Japanese equivalent to See Naples and die. The shii oak, or *Quercus cuspidata*, is also chosen for the environs of temples, perhaps because of its dense foliage, and quantities of its acorns are eaten at religious feasts. The beauteous ichô, the *Ginkgo biloba* or *Salisburia adiantifolia*—also called the maiden-hair tree from the resemblance of its leaves to the fern of that name—is also a sacred favourite. One at the foot of the staircase of the great temple at Kamakura measures 20 feet round. The Japanese also consume the almonds of this tree at religious festivals. And in Northern Japan wherever Shintô prevails there are hallowed trees encircled with a rice-straw rope which bears straw tassels at intervals. The Japanese are also in the habit of knocking nails into the sotetsu or *Cycas revoluta*, which yields the Japanese sago. This, they say at the present day, is to push on vegetation; but your thoroughgoing comparative religionist is bound to detect in this survival the similar *piaculum* of the early Latins, records of which can be traced to the 423rd year of Rome. It is also common among the negroes of the Guinea coast and in Persia. The idea was to drive in the prayer into the body of the idol, the god, the sacrosanct and worshipped tree; and a form of the practice survives to this day in Brittany, where saints' statues have replaced primitive idols, and women's pins do duty for nails. About six miles west of Tôkiô, at Habashi, is the stump of an old yew tree (*Celtis Willdenowiana*), so covered with ex-votos that its fame must be surpassing. Morsels of its decayed wood are sold to those who have grown weary of their loves. The force of the remedy lies in the application of it. The tinder is boiled, the damsel is got to drink of the charm unawares, and so, in the twinkling of a bed-post, as our forbears had it, she goes her ways, and leaves her charmer to sing Joy go with her, and a bottle of moss! The bunches of spindles which grow on the great bosses or tumours of the shiraga-matsu, *Pinus Thunbergii*, are still revered as the nests or lairs of the Ten-gu or heavenly dog, which inhabits mountains or lonely spots, has a long snout, two claws on each foot and hand, and a pair of wings.

In Japanese surgery lint is made from the cottony flowers of the willow (yanagi), and another oddity of far-Eastern physic is

the use of birdlime, made as in Europe from the bark of a holly called from its product the mочи no ki, or catching-tree, *Ilex integra*. The doctors use it for sore and black eyes, wounds, and colics. Its more legitimate employment is to catch birds (of course), rats, flies, mosquitos, and even the domestic kangaroo. Wild ducks are taken ingeniously by liming a vast quantity of the long trailers of the Wistaria (fuji) and letting them float near the seashore; any bird that comes in contact with the twigs is infallibly secured. Even the monkey—saru, *Macacus speciosus*—is captured with this tori-mochi, or bird-catch. But the sovereign of all remedies is the ginseng, or root of *Panax repens*, in Sinico-Japanese ninjin, and so famous as to be dignified as Doctor Ninjin. It is also perhaps the principal base of Chinese therapeutics, and the export to China is large. Of course it cures all diseases, but its sole qualities seem to be tonic and stimulant. Like the mandrake, whose occult virtue it likewise is supposed to possess, it doubtless owes its repute mainly to the fancied human form of its root and the ancient medical doctrine of signatures.

We know enough of the Japanese to be certain that they are neither mild-eyed nor melancholy; and still, all over Japan, they are ever "eating the Lotus day by day." We cannot pause to inquire what particular lotus Homer and Herodotus and Tennyson intended; for a tall folio might be written on the subject, from Egypt to the Far East and down the centuries, as symbol, medicine, food, or ornament; but the Japanese consume the yard-long roots of the hasu, *Nelumbo nucifera*, raw, boiled, baked, fried, or, reduced to a flour, in soups. With the seeds they make cakes and pastry. Hasu is the vulgar, the pure Japanese name; the Sinico-Japanese, which is Buddhistic and sacred, is ren, a corruption of the Chinese lien, the water-lily, whose downy faultless flower, upspringing from reeking slime, shows forth the birth of purity and righteousness from the dross of the human heart, and affords a sort of bed of roses to Amida Batsu, the incommensurable Buddha.

The isu or yusu, *Distylium racemosum*, furnishes a chocolate-coloured ironwood to which European experts point as the best backing for the armour of ironclads, a fact presumably unknown in our dockyards. It has long been used in Japan for wheel-cogs, and its ashes are extensively used by all the great native potteries in their finest glaze, and in the famous celadon-green known as seiji. Split more or less finely, sometimes into mere threads, the bamboo (take) gives baskets, blinds, mats, brooms, rope, string, and those delicate exteriors for porcelain cups, which are chiefly made in Suruga at the foot of Mount Fuji. Bamboos which from long use in house-ceilings have become darkened by smoke command a fancy price among amateurs, notwithstanding the pungent national expression for complete misery, which is Kusubutte orimasu; I am blackened by smoke!

Ever since it was brought to Kew from Ning-pô in 1764, as *Matricaria indica*, we have joyed in the sober chrysanthemum. The employment of its single flower, because of its resemblance to the sun in splendour, as the Mikado's emblem, is a fact of common property; but the varieties of the kiku which the Japanese use as food are not so generally known. They eat the leaves, petals, and roots of *C. coronarium*, shiun-giku, the garden variety of which is called fudan-sô, or the ever-blooming plant—a name which the Japanese also bestow upon our daisy, which has been seen in the collections of their amateurs, side by side with a curly kale; both specimens lingering in pots. The flowers of the small yellow riôri-kiku, or cooking chrysanthemum, *Pyrethrum chinense*, are either boiled and eaten with vinegar, or dried for use, or preserved in plum-vinegar and sugar, by both Chinese and Japanese. The leaves of the inu-giku or Nikkô-giku, *Tanacetum marginatum*, are also eaten. Our nurserymen dream of a blue geranium; it is the gardener's philosopher's-stone. So, too, vain men have declared that there is a blue chrysanthemum, and this on the strength of the Nihoûgi, the Chronicle of Japan, which tells tales of the introduction of the kiku from Corea in the fourth century. But the difficulties of the Eastern names for colours are well known, and faith in the blue chrysanthemum may well be confined to the native porcelain and enamels, where it indubitably exists.

SOME CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

ALTHOUGH the second volume of Professor Tyrrell's *Correspondence of Cicero*, following close upon the second edition of the first volume, deserves a hearty welcome, it is unlucky that its appearance has not been a little longer delayed. The chief results of Koerner's recent pamphlet (on the letters

* *The Correspondence of M. Tullius Cicero*. Arranged according to its Chronological Order, with a Revision of the Text, a Commentary, and Introductory Essays, by Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, M.A., D. Lit. Q. Univ., LL.D. Edin.; Fellow of Trinity College, and Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin. Dublin: Hedges, Foster, & Figgis. London: Longmans & Co.

Pistarch's Life of Lucius Cornelius Sulla. With Introduction, Notes, and Lexicon. By the Rev. Hubert A. Holden, M.A., LL.D., Examiner in Greek to the University of London, sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press. Cambridge, 1886.

The Trial and Death of Socrates; being the Euthyphron, Apology, Crito, and Phædo of Plato. Translated into English by F. J. Church, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

Latin Examination Papers in Miscellaneous Grammar and Idioms. By A. M. M. Stedman, M.A. London: Bell & Sons.

written between Cicero's return from exile and the end of 54 B.C., as well as of Lehman's *Questiones Tullianæ*, are summarized in Professor Tyrrell's Preface; but they came too late to be utilized in the body of the book. It may be mentioned that Koerner assigns the long and famous letter to Lentulus (Fam. I. ix.) to the middle of December, instead of the end of October, in 54 B.C. Next to the chronological re-arrangement of Cicero's letters, the chief object which Professor Tyrrell has set before himself is revision of the text. So far as any general tendency can be noticed in his recension, he is inclined to desert editors in favour of MSS. He professes, and generally practises, the unimpeachable principle, that where an editor is forced to abandon the MSS., he is bound, alongside with his conjecture, to put forward a theory which will account for the corruption. Thus, in accepting Lehman's emendation *infimo* for *infima* at Att. IV. i. 5 ("gradus templorum ab infima plebe completi erant"), he points out that the supposed assimilation of *infimo* to *plebe* in gender would be an instance of a common blunder in copyists. But it is not clear why he describes the old reading as "meaningless," nor what he means himself by saying (in view of the very next clause, *a qua*, &c.) that the *ab* would be out of place. He makes a more successful application of his principle at Q. Fr. II. iii. 3, where he alters *a. d. vi. Id. Febr.* into *ad a. d. vi. Id. Febr.*, a suggestion much preferable to the proposed substitution of *vii. for vi.* At the well-known corruption at Fam. V. xii. 5, "Themistocli fuga redituque," he employs a theory of "parablepsy" to support Boot's ingenious conjecture "Themistocli fuga, Coriolani fuga redituque." In the insertions which he suggests or approves he does not err on the side of caution. He is particularly free in the admission of negative particles, *non* before *invitis* at Fam. I. ii. 2, and *nisi* between *nec* and *cogendo* at Fam. I. ix. 18. At Fam. I. ix. 4, he "improves the sense" by placing *evento* between *initio* and *verum*, and justifies his emendation by contending that the word thus supplied might have been omitted "either through its broad resemblance to *initio* or from a supposed incompatibility between the two words." Allowing himself such considerable freedom, he might have stretched a point in favour of the ingenious conjecture at Fam. I. i. 2, where the unintelligible *tibi* has been expanded into *tibicini* (for Ptolemæo Auletæ). It is fair to add that any defaults or deficiencies which may be observed in the commentary can be corrected or supplemented by means of the *Adnotatio Critica*.

In his discussion of the MSS. of Fam. I.-VIII. he contends that Harleian MS. 2773 and Turonensis are independent of each other, but not very far separated, and confidently identifies Harleianus with the codex which Grævius calls "optimus" and "primus." On the Fam. IX.-XVI. he reprints a paper from the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy on the Harleian MS. 2682. He notes the striking agreement between this codex and Hittorpianus, although there are in all seventy-eight points of difference, none of which, however, are very serious. His general conclusions are that Hittorpianus was copied from Harleianus; that the latter is "brother" to Pal. Sext. and Erfurtensis; that the Harleian and Medicean are independent of each other, but are derived from a not remote ancestor. As to the archetype, he confesses uncertainty on all points except its uncial character.

In those smaller emendations of the text which most commentators, rightly or wrongly, claim the right of making without special reference to the authority of MSS., Professor Tyrrell is generally happy and judicious—e.g. *si licet* at Q. Fr. II. xii. 2 for *scilicet*, and *arbitrare* at Fam. VII. xiii. 1 for *arbitraverere*. To this class may perhaps be assigned a conjecture in which Professor Tyrrell takes a special and justifiable pride. At Att. IV. xvi. he writes, "Constat enim aditus insulæ [Britanniæ] esse muratos mirificis molibus." Here the MSS. have *miratos* and the editors *munitos*. There is very good reason for accepting an expression "vigorous and picturesque, but not found again in extant classical literature." Professor Tyrrell's notes are always clear and seldom diffuse, and he is always candid in stating the reasons which tell against his own conclusion. Some interpretations which he originates or adopts carry prompt conviction—e.g. in Fam. I. ix. 2 the reference of the phrase "ille perennis inimicus amicorum suorum" to Pompeius instead of to C. Cato or Appius Claudius Pulcher. But in a later section of the same important letter, he does not adopt Bernays's explanation of Cicero's puzzling statement that the *De Oratore* was written in the style of Aristotle. It is suggested that this dialogue was meant by comparison with Plato's to be Aristotelian—i.e. undramatic. But Professor Tyrrell thinks that Cicero took as his models some of Aristotle's lost dialogues. In the famous letter to Atticus (IV. v.) about Cicero's *παλινοψία* he puts a new sense upon the words "sed valent recta, vera, honesta consilia," which are generally rendered, as by Mr. Watson, "I bid good-bye to straightforward, true, and honourable principles." Professor Tyrrell (somewhat ignoring the *subturpicula* by which Cicero describes his recantation) translates, "Let the straightforward, fair, and honourable policy prevail." This is contrasted with "the almost incredible treachery" shown by the Optimates. It may be noticed that at the end of this letter he writes *constructione et sillibus* instead of *constrictione et sillibus*, and that on the phrase "senesam, &c.—inductus, &c." he tacitly protests against Hermann's view, adopted by Professor Nettleship, that the construction is parallel to *Æn. ii. 377, sensit delapsus*. But Professor Tyrrell's comments are not by any means of the sort which may be taken on trust. At Fam. I. vii. 4 he makes confusion worse confounded by suggesting that "*peripicere te posse*" is to be taken as dependent on *scribere* in *sic*

habeto me scribere at the beginning of the section. It is a laudable motive to clear Cicero from the charge "of suddenly passing into the indirect form of narrative in the apodosis of the sentence"; but the elucidation here offered only adds new obscurity. Nor is he more satisfactory in his explanations of the two difficult passages in Q. Fr. II. x., and his alteration of *populi convicio* into the asyndeton *populo convicio* is almost wanton. It may here be remarked that he draws frequent attention to a matter which he discussed at length in his first volume, the great similarity of language between the *Letters* and the *Comedians*. The value of Professor Tyrrell's edition might have been increased if he had given further explanation of the points involved in phrases like "religionis calumnia," "lex curiata," and "servare de celo." But in a general way he is rather chary of his notes, except when he is dealing with recension of the text. But where so much has been done by an editor it is perhaps ungracious to complain of what is left undone. The difficulty of reviewing an elaborate edition which appears in detached volumes is considerably increased by the absence of an index; but some parts of the reader's path have been smoothed by an excellent tabulation of the MS. readings, the generally received readings, and the conjectures accepted in the text or recorded with approbation.

Mr. Holden's edition of Plutarch's *Sulla* is marked by the conscientious research and genuine scholarship to which we have had the pleasure on several other occasions of calling attention. As he appears to be going on a settled plan, it is useless to again protest against the more than adequate amount of commentary which he adds to the text. Apart from the faultless indices appended to this edition, only 55 pages out of 204 are devoted to Plutarch's Greek. One reduction is suggested for future editions which would greatly lighten the mass of the notes. If Professor Holden would omit the very full analysis which he prefixes to his commentary on each chapter, he would make his book more valuable to the schoolmaster without in any way detracting from its real usefulness. Skillfully as Mr. Holden has done the work, his analysis answers all the bad, and none of the good, objects of a straightforward translation. We are not sure that Mr. Holden is right when he complains of "the general neglect into which Plutarch's biographies have fallen among scholars," and his own editions of *The Gracchi* and *Themistocles* have gone some way to extend "the narrow range of authors commonly read in our great seats of education." They are changeable folks at Oxford; but there, at least, *The Gracchi* was for a long time one of the prescribed books for *Litteræ Humaniores*. Enthusiastic editors are apt to forget that schoolboys and undergraduates cannot read everything. In a book which bears Mr. Holden's name it is needless to say that particles and compound particles like *kai*—*ye* and *oû mên allâ* receive due attention; that the distinction between the classical and the Plutarchian usage of *oû* and *mê* is correctly stated; that the various technical meanings of a technical term like *παρεμβάλλειν* are duly separated and connected; and that rare locutions like *ἀποδοιομυρίσθαι*, and uncommon meanings like "*ἀποκαλοῦντες* in a good sense," are noted each in its place. In order that he may not swell the bulk of his commentary by needless repetitions, Mr. Holden frequently inculcates the invaluable practice of reference and cross-reference; but we are not sure that it is quite fair treatment of those who buy his *Sulla* to give a bare reference to "My note on Them. 16. 2," or "My note on Tib. Gr. 4. 2." He is so generous in his citation of others that he might have quoted or repeated himself. The one objection which can be urged against reading Plutarch by the serious student of exact history is fairly obviated in the present edition. Mr. Holden is so careful to mark any discrepancy between Plutarch, on the one hand, and Appian, or Livy's Epitome, or the minor authorities, on the other hand, that the student who reads his Plutarch conscientiously will do more than learn history—he will be taken behind the scenes and learn how history is made. But, after all, the best way of reading the Lives is perhaps to read them in the spirit in which they were written.

οὐτε γὰρ ἱστορίας γράφομεν, ἀλλὰ βίους, οὐτε ταῖς ἐπιφανεστάταις πράξεσι πάντως ἐνεστί δὴλωσις ἀρετῆς ἢ κακίας, ἀλλὰ πρᾶγμα βραχὺ πολλάκις καὶ ῥῆμα καὶ παιδία τις ἐμφανῶς ἔθους ἐποίησε μᾶλλον ἢ μάχαι μυριάνεκροι καὶ παρατάξεις αἱ μεγίσται καὶ πολιορκίαι πόλεων.

However that may be, Mr. Holden has done something towards giving a reality to names which to many classical scholars would be almost meaningless—e.g. Fenestella, Orosius, Diodorus Siculus, and perhaps we may include Florus and Velcius Paternulus. All the points of incidental interest which belong to the subject are duly touched upon—e.g. the story of the tortures inflicted on M. Marius and Sulla's seizure of Aristotle's writings in the library of Apollon of Teos, philosopher, bibliophile, and stealer of books. The notes upon the Cappadocian dispute and upon the custom of rich men giving tithes to Hercules are perhaps unduly long, but Mr. Holden would be justified in retorting that those who do not like them may leave them.

The texts of Sintenis and Bekker have been followed with only one important emendation, to which the preface calls due attention. A critical appendix of eight pages records the most important *varie lectiones* and editors' conjectures.

It is expected that Mr. Bright's recently declared preference of the Master of Balliol to Plato will be followed by a boom in cribs, and in that case Mr. F. J. Church ought to profit by his elegant version of Plato's *Euthyphron*, *Apology*, *Crito*, and *Phædo*. As this book is intended for "the large and increasing class of readers

who wish to learn something of the masterpieces of Greek literature and who cannot easily read them in Greek," it would be out of place to examine the rendering of this or that passage by the newest light of Platonic criticism. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Church is one of the few translators who can write sustained English. Anybody who is a bit of a scholar can do a neat version of a striking passage; but Mr. Church possesses the rare faculty of moving easily and steadily in his English, whilst all the time he keeps his eye fixed on the Greek. In his translations it is possible for sympathetic readers to forget that Plato is Greek to them. The 89 pages of introduction are nicely written. They contain some questionable statements, not all of them quite consistent with themselves—e.g. "The *Clouds*, it is needless to say, is a gross and absurd libel from beginning to end; but Aristophanes hit the popular conception." We cannot assent to the following dictum of Mr. Church's:—"It is, of course, inconsistent to say that a man should do right because right is right, and that he should do right because it is expedient to do right." We do not greatly relish a form of expression which Mr. Church affects. "He (Socrates) gave his life wholly and entirely to the service of God" and "in the service of God he died." Mr. Church deserves praise for the lucidity and brevity with which he expounds some portions of the Socratic or Platonic philosophy.

Mr. Stedman has compiled 133 sets of miscellaneous questions in Latin Grammar and Latin Idioms. His book is practical, cheap, and free from misprints. The questions are clearly worded, and do not present many instances of vain repetition. There is a great deal about *oratio obliqua*, and none of the ordinary rules or anomalies escape illustration. There are plenty of sentences (some of them "teasers") for translation into English and Latin. The questions are intended for those who have passed "the elementary stages in grammar and scholarship," and most sets could be used as exercises in class without preparation, but teachers who are indifferent Latinists would be wise to make sure beforehand that they can themselves answer all the questions. It is not every Orbilus who can off-hand explain phrases like *strata viarum*, *S.D.P.*, *obnuntiare*, *cuniculus*, *rorarii*, and *mediastinus*, or give the derivations of *profanus*, *tripudium*, and *pomarium*, or account for the rarity of *k* in Latin. Not many of the questions bear upon comparative philology and (in view of the now prevalent ignorance of Latin metres) too little attention has been paid to matters of prosody. The Comedians in particular are passed lightly over. Mr. Stedman says quite truly that "the papers are graduated in difficulty." Those at the beginning would suit ordinary Fourth and Fifth Forms or candidates for Woolwich and Sandhurst; and the later sets of questions would give useful practice to boys working for University scholarships.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF TASTE.*

IN his Preface to this book Mr. W. Proudfoot Begg remarks:—"In fact it has been the feeling of the irreconcilability of a true æsthetic with any mere materialism, and of its implicate of a Goodness at the Heart of the Universe, that has sustained me for years with undiminished enthusiasm in my studies, and made them at times a joy even almost to agony." It is to be feared that few readers will maintain their enthusiasm undiminished until the last page of the *Development of Taste* is turned; but there can be no doubt that during the perusal their joy will never culminate in an agony—except of weariness.

The passage we have quoted illustrates both the merits and the faults of the whole book. It gives an insight into the earnestness and thoroughness of the author, and at the same time affords a striking instance of the turgid manner and involved style which mar the literary merit of his work. Matter and manner form an unpleasant contrast. And it is unfortunate that the beautiful, the study of which is the theme of the book, should be handled in so unlovely a fashion.

Moreover, no man could write the above-quoted sentence in whom the emotional faculties did not largely predominate over the intellectual. Yet the proper treatment of the subject, as the author has chosen to deal with it, requires pre-eminently a logical mind and precise forms of thought. Unhappily the absence of these qualities is apparent throughout. As the reader makes his way through pages of loosely-reasoned controversial matter, he is conscious of the same impression as the sight of delicate fingers trying to crack a hard nut might produce. He feels that the intellectual nut is tougher than the brain which is striving to open it, and he longs to present the author with a pair of mental nut-crackers of stouter material than his own.

Mr. Begg has not been content with treating the development of taste from a purely æsthetic point of view, but has plunged boldly into problems of the most profound nature. For instance, one chapter is given up to a discussion on the "Reality of Beauty and the Relativity of Knowledge." Here the author assumes the position that their co-existence is possible; and it must be admitted that his boldness in attacking such questions is equalled by the originality with which he decides them, for he dismisses the opposite contention to his own—which, at least, has many great

names to support it—with this remarkable sentence:—"It is a Humpty-Dumpty of Abacadabra and unreason throughout; let it go." A great part of another chapter is devoted to this abstruse point:—"Is the Ugly, morally or otherwise, necessary in reality as in thought for the perception of the Beautiful? and, if so, does such a conception abolish the idea of sin?" We will leave the reader to follow out the lines of this argument for himself; it is sufficient to say that Mr. Begg answers the first question in the affirmative and the second in the negative. And he then enters on a line of thought which, logically followed out, inevitably leads to the conclusion that the Deity cannot at the same time be both all-powerful and all-loving—a thesis, we imagine, to which Mr. Begg would be the last person to lend the weight of his authority.

As a rule, however, it is not the author's conclusions with which we have to find fault, for to these he is often correctly guided, as it were, by a species of intuition; it is the weakness and inconclusiveness of his reasoning to which we take exception. A good instance of this is shown when he discusses whether beauty is a quality of things in themselves, or a result of accumulated pleasurable experiences. One of the arguments of those who, like Burke, Hume, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, maintain that beauty is not inherent in the object, but is altogether subjective, is the want of agreement among men as to what is beautiful. Thus the thick, projecting lips which the negro looks upon as a great beauty are regarded by the European with horror and disgust. In refuting this argument Mr. Begg says:—"That there is an endless variety in tastes is just another side of the thought that there is a countless diversity of objects that pass under the name of the beautiful; and it may be turned in the same way into a proof of the substantial reality of beauty, instead of an argument to the contrary." A perfectly just, if somewhat obvious remark; but, by way of illustration, he adds:—"Suppose that ten or twenty persons on reading a book all bring away a different impression of its *several parts* [the italics are our own] . . . would it not be even a stronger testimony to the real substantial beauty of the composition as a whole than ten or twenty individuals . . . perceived a beauty in ten or twenty different parts than that they should all agree in declaring that they saw only one and the same beauty in it?" This may or may not be true; but, assuming that it is, how does it advance the argument? When the author leaves a simple object—simple, that is, as to appearance, the beauty of which consists of a single quality—and takes as illustration a complex object composed of many qualities, the bottom is knocked out of his argument. To show that twenty different men could hold twenty different views about the same object might prove something; but the supposition that twenty different men *hold views* on twenty different objects—which is all that his illustration demonstrates—proves absolutely nothing. Notwithstanding this absurdly false reasoning, the conclusion at which he arrives is not without truth, and he is certainly supported by great authority, for Plato, if we are not mistaken, says in one of his dialogues, "Every human soul has contemplated some of these real essences, as that of beauty." If, indeed, Mr. Herbert Spencer and his school are right when they contend that beauty is only a matter of association, connected by way of previous pleasurable sensation with the object admired, how is it that the combination of certain colours pleases the eye, while that of others offends it? It cannot be asserted that any pleasurable sensations are intimately connected with the function, say, of crimson, gold, and dark blue, or that ideas of pain in any antecedent state of existence are united with the blending of yellow, green, and light blue. Yet the one combination affords distinct pleasure, while the other to an artistic eye is a source of positive pain.

Still, although the "association" theory will not bear examination, another school of thought hold that it will be conclusively proved some day that the solution of the question rests on a still more materialistic basis, and that we shall be shown that the reason why one arrangement of colours pleases us, and another does not, is merely because, in passing along one set of colours, the eye, by frequent dilation and contraction, becomes tired, while other arrangements of colours, such as we now call artistic, do not produce the same sensation of fatigue. But this is only touching the fringe of the difficulty. We can never hope to arrive at a just conclusion, they maintain, as to why a thing is beautiful until we grasp the idea that beauty is not derived from one, but from many sources. Like goodness, it is a product of many and diverse qualities, which change their nature according to their relation to themselves and their environment. Beauty has as many sources as there are feelings in human nature capable of being directly appealed to through the senses. Such qualities are inherent in beauty, and when they fail to answer their end, and touch a corresponding chord in human nature, then the object is lacking in beauty. Why is it that a curve is universally accepted as the "line of beauty"? Merely because it appeals to our dislike to hardness and monotony, with its accompanying weariness. There is only one quality which must, however, be the inevitable accompaniment of the beautiful, and that is congruity. It is this truth which redeems from absurdity Mr. Ruskin's remark that a railway station should be devoid of ornament. Why adorn a thing hideous in itself, from which we are all anxious to escape? he asks indignantly, forgetting, with a sublime disregard for the practical side of life, that the exigencies of *Bradshaw* often compel us to remain a long time in the hateful spot, despite our anxiety to leave it. To allude to another

* *The Development of Taste.* By W. Proudfoot Begg. Glasgow: Maclehose.

source of beauty, in order to show how varied they are. Whence comes the pleasure we derive from gazing at a convulsion of nature such as a storm at sea? Putting aside the accidental beauty of the colouring, our gratification springs from precisely the same sensation as that which a maid-servant experiences when she glazes over the *Illustrated Police News*. Both originate in our love of the marvellous, of the stupendous, of what is out of the common and does not happen every day. Only in the first case our primary feeling has been turned into a higher channel by education. So, at least, say certain materialists; but there is some comfort left in the doctrine; for it tells us that education and development, so far at least as human beauty is concerned, at the same time change both the object and the standard of beauty. The Hottentot, we learn, is able to look with complacency on the misshapen form and animal features of his consort, because he is unacquainted with the higher intellectual and moral nature which goes with the European type of face. It is impossible for the European to admire any ideal of female beauty which is not based, broadly speaking, upon the result of an advanced moral and intellectual development. But we are wandering from what causes a thing to seem beautiful to us to another subject to which the author devotes much space, and his treatment of which is marked by a weakness of reasoning similar to that on which we have previously commented. "Can there be a Standard of Beauty?" he asks. Certainly there can, is the reply; otherwise we should have no measure by which to decide between the scrawl of a "weakling pupil" or the production of a master. A strange confusion of thought is shown by this remark; for it mixes up the talent displayed in accurate delineation with that evinced by selection and creation. It may be no easy matter to find a standard of taste by which to decide whether an object selected for portrayal is beautiful, but there can be no difficulty in judging whether the object is correctly copied; it is simply a matter of comparison. Therefore a standard must always exist, apart from the standard of beauty, by which the "scrawl of a weakling pupil" can be distinguished from the production of a master. But when we have got so far, we are not one jot nearer the solution of the problem—Can there be a standard of taste? And it is in such dilemmas as these that the author generally lands us. His premises are often irrefutable and his conclusions sound; but unfortunately there is seldom any connexion between them. On this very question, indeed, his summing-up is excellent. "And so, while there cannot be an outward standard of taste for all, there must be some universal principle or principles of judgment involved in all productions of art. Nature and the laws of nature and of human nature are behind and within them all and made known by them; and art is great in proportion as it gives utterance to these in their ideal excellence—in truth and fulness and intensity." If he had only added that in nature "we may reason from frequency to beauty," the idea would have been an exact reproduction of what Mr. Ruskin says on the same point. And perhaps here we have a solution of the discrepancy between the weakness of Mr. Begg's arguments and illustrations and the occasional correctness of his conclusions; the former are clearly his own, while for the latter he evidently seeks a higher source of inspiration.

The first six chapters of the book deal directly with the development of taste, and show by copious extracts from the Egyptians, Assyrians, Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, and modern authors the gradual growth of refinement in taste and the tendency towards an appreciation of the beauties of nature. He concludes this portion of the book as follows, and his theory of the sequence of the growth of taste is supported by Mr. Herbert Spencer. These are Mr. Begg's words:—

The taste of the individual advances from colours to congruity in colours and symmetry of form, and from form in individual objects to harmony in the relation of things combined; and from admiration of pretty little groups of things and pictorial landscape to the perception and love of the beauty of natural rural landscape for its own sake, and from love of natural landscape to the perception and emotion of sublimity.

Here the author differs essentially from Burke, who maintains that terror is always one of the causes of the sublime; while Mr. Begg contends that a sense for the sublime cannot exist until all feelings of terror are eliminated. The extracts are carefully made, and show a knowledge of literature which unhappily is not always possessed by professional authorities on the subject.

Indeed, we should say that Mr. Begg's talents lie more in the direction of literature than metaphysics, were it not for the unfortunate style which disfigures his writing. This at times approaches the grotesque, as in the following sentence:—"We look out and abroad upon the landscape, and we see hill and valley with their trees and open fields all clothed in green and shouting to us in their youthful gladness and freshness of looks. . . . And butterfly and bird with twittering song, and tender lamb in its season, are all beautiful to behold." An open field shouting in the freshness of its looks is an anomalous object, and the idea of beholding the twittering of a butterfly's song is not easy to grasp; but "tender lamb in season" (with its fitting adjunct of mintage) is familiar to us all.

One more extract and we have finished. In another place the author speaks of a longing "to escape to the breezy uplands or the lonely shore to buffet the storm for refreshment by contrast in the general desolation and fury." But this last sentence we have at length been obliged to give up without mastering it.

We have not space to deal with the remaining chapters of this work, but its perusal will repay any reader who has patience

to digest a certain quantity of verbose writing and bad reasoning; for when the author is not out of his depths or soaring into the ridiculous, he has some interesting theories and correct ideas to bring forward.

TWO MILITARY BOOKS.*

A SOLDIER, said Frederick the Great, should learn war before making it. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is undoubtedly true that much may be learned to this end by reading alone. Napoleon had read and analysed all the works of the great masters of war before he was twenty-six—a fact which probably had much influence on his early successes. Practice alone, of course, makes perfect; but an understanding of "theory," based on the results, the faults, and merits of great leaders' tactics, is of more general value, especially to young officers, than personal experience, which must necessarily be restricted even under propitious circumstances. But by men who can have no opportunities at all of learning anything by actual experience before the day when their services may be required, and on whose intelligence the most important results may depend, the theory of war should at least be diligently studied in print.

As a contribution to this purpose, more especially as "a Study for Officers of Volunteers," "A Line Officer" has compiled *The Campaign of Fredericksburg*. In the event of England entering upon a great war, it is evident, as the author points out, and happily so, that the regular army would be largely reinforced by contingents of home as well as of colonial Volunteers. These would find themselves, probably at very short notice, face to face with a picked army of professional soldiers, led by men who have given their whole time to military science. With the prospect of such a contingency it cannot be too often repeated that the average Englishman is too prone to pin his patriotic faith on his well-proved pluck and stubbornness, and all his other characteristic national qualities, to look back confidently on the past glories of English arms, and to believe that the great endurance of Waterloo, the terrible valour of Inkermann, the "heritage of our race," will always ensure us the victory. Were it not a vital question, it would seem almost a needless truism to assert that this romantic theory is a most disastrous one to rely upon, and that war is becoming every year more and more a game where valour has but little chance of success if not backed by skill and science.

Happily for one branch at least of the efficiency of our auxiliaries, the study of tactics has of late years been taken up in earnest by a fair number of Volunteer officers, and with satisfactory thoroughness, as the returns of periodical examinations would tend to show. But there is ample room for much further development of that kind of work, the immense importance of which can never be over-estimated in conducting to that observant habit of mind which alone can give the power of applying rules with decision to special cases, and which with personal valour, always understood, is paramount among soldierly qualities.

On the title-page of this small but very comprehensive work—which, by the way, the author modestly remarks is but an amplification of Colonel Chesney's *Campaign in Virginia*—are reproduced two sentiments, culled from the *Table Talk of Napoleon I.*, and which tersely express the purpose of the book:—

It is indispensable, imperatively necessary, that those should possess knowledge who aspire to command others.

Read and meditate on the wars of the greatest captains. This is the only means of rightly learning the science of war.

The great captains whose actions are here offered as subjects of meditation are the leaders in the War of Secession, the campaign of Fredericksburg being specially selected, having been carried out mainly by unprofessional soldiers, and therefore interesting to our Volunteers. The most critical attention is devoted to General Lee's tactics and the disposition of his troops, not only on account of hardly disguised partiality for this admirable officer and his method, but because his actions with forces inferior in numbers, and their all but successful results, displayed to perfection the points that should be most laid to heart by self-made soldiers; the careful selection of positions, the disposition of reserves so as to ensure unity of command, and thereby of purpose, throughout the whole depth of the fronts, and especially the astounding results of well-inculcated fire discipline. Important as it was already twenty-five years ago, this question of fire regulation has become absolutely paramount in these days of universal breech-loaders and long-range fire, and, if its true value could be taken to heart by every infantry-man, it would do a great deal more towards warlike efficiency, considering the ever-increasing difficulties of supply of ammunition, than the introduction of the most perfect repeating-rifle that may yet be invented.

We have a certain amount of strategical consideration and a great deal of tactics on a large scale in this work; but company officers should never be deterred from studying the operations of larger bodies of troops than they would be expected to handle, remembering that precisely the same tactical principles regulate in the main the combat of a company or a brigade.

The maps, five in number, deal with the general theatre of the campaign—i.e. North-East Virginia—the country around Fredericks-

* *The Campaign of Fredericksburg: a Study for Officers of Volunteers.* By a Line Officer. With Maps. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. *Emploi des Mitrailleuses et Canons à tir rapide dans les Armées de Terre et dans la Marine.* Par Gustaf Roos. St. Petersburg.

burg, showing the Confederate disposition along the Rappahannock; the right bank of that river, with the Federal corps before the battle of Fredericksburg; the dispositions of opposed troops on the morning of the battle, December 13; and, finally, their positions at four in the afternoon. They are clear and, although shorn of all unnecessary detail, complete. Besides these maps, there is a sketch of shelter-trenches and fortified walls as prepared by the Confederates.

This is unmistakably a conscientious work and useful. Perhaps, however, its very conscientiousness, which eschews as much as possible all that is not essential to the elucidation of the subject panorama, will be found, in the eyes of that class of readers to which it is especially addressed, to have made it somewhat dry. Although calculated to afford attractive reading to those enthusiastic officers who bear the magic P.S.C. after their names in the Army List, we fear that among our citizen soldiers these very abstracted theoretical considerations of the development and result of important actions are unfortunately likely to prove rather beyond the scope of any but the most ardent devotees of the "Kriegspiel."

M. Gustaf Roos's monograph—*Emploi des Mitrailleses et Canons à tir rapide* would perhaps carry more general authority on its subject were it not so palpably an officious prospectus of the Nordenfelt system.

We do not mean to imply that of all those systems which have as yet succeeded in obtaining a trial before committees of specialists and experts, the Nordenfelt machine- and quick-firing guns have not, on the whole, succeeded in proving themselves superior, on the score of combination of advantages. But M. Gustaf Roos has during the last seven years been regularly employed by M. de Nordenfelt to make his mitrailleses and other guns known all over the Continent, and his "prospectus," issued at St. Petersburg with somewhat obtrusive wealth of type and paper for the modest sum of one rouble, is far less a regular military essay on the tactical uses of non-recoil artillery than a specially ordered controversial advertisement intended to keep public attention turned to the superiority of the productions of that eminent firm which now monopolizes the affections of specialists.

As we are ready to grant, at least until we know the results obtainable with the automatic mechanisms which certain other and well-known inventors will no doubt shortly bring into the field of official experiments, that the Nordenfelt guns have satisfactorily proved their superiority over their chief rivals, the Gatling, the Gardner, and the Hotchkiss, and are as near perfection as possible, we must admit also that M. Roos's pamphlet is pretty exhaustive on the subject of the numerous services they might render to the army that uses them with most judgment and in greatest numbers. To safeguard his modesty, however, he is careful to observe that his readers "will find therein much less an expression of his personal opinion on the employment of machine- and quick-firing guns of the Nordenfelt system in preference to others than the summarized opinions of most competent officers of various nationalities who witnessed his experiments."

Two very elaborate tables give the detail with notes of the name, number, calibre, length and weight of barrels; of the nature and weight of carriages, powder, and projectiles; also the initial velocity and number of shots per minute of the thirteen varieties of mitrailleses and the eleven kinds of quick-firing guns already devised by M. de Nordenfelt.

Then the author proceeds to consider the numberless advantages these offer for use in field and permanent fortification, too encumbered as it is in modern times by traverses and emplacements to admit of much ordinary musketry fire on the parapets. Such a disadvantage, of course, is remedied by the free use of machine guns, each of which can do the work of fifty men and with greater precision, whilst it only occupies the front of two. Their special qualifications are even more advantageous for the flanking of narrow ditches and the obstinate defence of breaches, defiles, &c. It is hardly likely that in the open the mitrailleur can ever replace musketry, and still less ordinary artillery, but it will undoubtedly prove a valuable auxiliary to the former at long ranges and to the latter at close quarters.

After "permitting himself" to dwell on the perfections, rapidity of fire, great initial velocity of the system "he has the honour" to talk about, and especially the simplicity, solidity, and handiness of its quick-firing guns, M. Roos proceeds to consider the uses of the latter. He points out their value in conjunction with heavy guns, which, with their immense destructive power, are necessarily unwieldy and slow of fire, and thus unadvantageous against anything but powerful works or crafts, and which, indeed, in the case of swiftly-moving vessels would be entirely useless for defence. The employment of quick-firing guns by themselves is also nowadays imperatively requisite on those points of the coast which, although not exposed to the attack of ironclads, may require protection against less powerful enemies, and where there may not be room for the establishment of regular batteries.

With reference to their utility in fortified places the author simply cites the opinion of General Brialmont as expressed in his recent work *La Fortification du temps présent*, concerning the importance of weight of metal discharged by individual guns in a given time, and especially the essential quality of mobility. For employment in cavalry operations, in advanced or rear-guard engagements, and in mountain warfare the Nordenfelt quick-firing gun is shown to be especially suited by being able to fire shrapnel as well as shells and cases; and on this subject, again,

the author has the honour of discriminating its immense superiority over the Hotchkiss.

The necessity of machine-guns in the navy, for which service they were re-invented, so to speak, after the disastrous failure of the old-fashioned mitrailleses during the Franco-German war, is one which has been so thoroughly discussed that M. Roos has next to nothing to say about it that has not already become familiar to every one. What he does say, however, is of course highly disparaging to the devoted Hotchkiss, a fact which we ought to rejoice in, since, having come last and late in the race for quick-firing armament, we have, as a kind of compensation, been able to select finally the superior system of M. de Nordenfelt.

With regard to our regular adoption of machine-guns for field-service as a definite arm, intermediate between the three conventional tactical arms, it is very doubtful whether a French brochure published at St. Petersburg can have much influence upon the powers that be, considering that the subject has so often and so ably been discussed at home with so little actual result towards providing our scanty troops with that useful auxiliary power.

BAIRD'S HUGUENOTS AND HENRY OF NAVARRE.*

PROFESSOR BAIRD'S new volumes, which carry on the eventful story of the Huguenots from Henry III.'s accession, less than two years after the Massacre, to the death of Henry IV., are likely to enhance his reputation as a lucid and trustworthy historian. A certain floridity of style is, we suppose, thought *de rigueur* by the successors of Prescott and Motley; and, while eschewing any ill-advised attempts at picturesqueness, Mr. Baird here and there allows himself little rhetorical touches about "Henry, by the grace of God third of the name," and the like. On the whole, however, he but rarely gives way to whatever temptations may beset him in this direction, and maintains a decorous level of diction which, considering the nature of his theme, implies a certain amount of self-control. On the other hand, it would be unjust to impute to him that false kind of impartiality which is only another word for apathy, and which, to our mind, is an absolute disqualification in the case of any writer undertaking to treat such a subject as the French religious wars. Mr. Baird makes no secret at any stage of his narrative of his good will towards the cause of the Huguenots as representing the cause of religious liberty, and he succeeds in bringing out by incidental illustration rather than by direct asseveration the fact, which admits of no reasonable doubt, that notwithstanding very palpable shortcomings in some of their leaders, and notably in the "brave Béarnais" himself, and notwithstanding the repeated commission of excesses by the rank and file of their soldiery, they were distinguished by a higher and purer tone of morality than was usually to be found among their opponents. This is, we think, as it should be in a candid historian. At the same time, we cannot suppress a wish that Mr. Baird had not here and there betrayed a vehemence of set partisanship hardly to be distinguished from Protestant prejudice. At least we must confess our inability to discover any other explanation of his attempt, in a salient passage in his second volume, to turn the tables upon the prelates who abstained from imposing upon Henry IV. before his abjuration anything beyond a short formula of faith. Or does Mr. Baird really suppose that the silence of the bishops in reply to Henry's inquiry whether they believed in the existence of such a place as Purgatory—an inquiry which seems to us rather flippant than pointed—argued doubts on the subject in these ecclesiastics? It would almost seem as if he wished to insinuate as much, when he goes on to suggest a great deal more. Concerning the shorter kind of catechism for which Henry was found perfectly ready, he contemptuously affirms that

It was quite enough. All the prelates really needed was his Majesty's submission to the Roman Catholic Church. Why be more particular in exacting from the new comer a profession of positive faith in every detail of doctrine than in requiring such a definite avowal from the Church's ancient followers? *Sincerity was the exception, not the rule with the latter*; could the proselyte who virtually confessed that political circumstances had done more than all the arguments of the doctors in bringing him over be expected to do better than the native-born Romanist?

On the fairness or unfairness of assertions like that italicized by us in the above ill-written passage it is simply impossible for historical students to dispute with one another, because it lies in nobody's power either to prove or to disprove them. What right, therefore, has a conscientious historian to bestride such generalizations? As to the judgment of Henry of Navarre's conduct, incidentally conveyed in this extract and developed elsewhere in the volumes before us, it seems to us perfectly legitimate because founded on amply sufficient evidence. The miserable farce of Henry IV.'s abjuration was made up of a plot and an underplot of hypocrisy. Through the former every one saw, and it finds adequate expression on the page of history in Henry's famous letter written to Gabrielle d'Estrees on the Friday before the conference with the bishops, and announcing his resolution to take the perilous leap on the Sunday following. The underplot was of a feeble description, and consisted in an endeavour to convince the Huguenots that the King was not only alive to their interests, but was actually entering the Roman Catholic Church with the view,

* *The Huguenots and Henry of Navarre*. 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

as he told Duplessis-Mornay, of making a clean sweep of what he might find when inside. Certainly no such "reformation from within" was either attempted or in all probability so much as designed by Henry of Navarre. It must, however, be allowed that, after his abjuration and absolution, he was essentially true to the spirit of compromise of which he justly regarded himself as the representative. On this head sufficient justice has hardly been done to him, while too much importance has been attached to isolated acts apparently inconsistent with a genuinely liberal religious policy. It can scarcely have fallen within the scope of Professor Baird's design to enter at any length into the religious policy of Henry IV. "after the Edict of Nantes." A valuable supplement to this part of his narrative will be found in an essay contributed several years since by Professor Philippon (the author of a well-known recent work on the age of Philip II.) to Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift*. It must, we think, be allowed that during his twelve years of settled rule Henry IV. showed no want either of courage or of judgment in his management of Church affairs; neither giving way to unwarrantable assumptions on the part of the Catholic clergy nor exhibiting any want of vigilance as to the due observance of his great Edict. His worst mistake in matters ecclesiastical during this period was the recall of the Jesuits, but it was a mistake of policy only, and there are strong signs that the King was preparing, if not to retrace this step altogether, at least seriously to modify the attitude towards the Order, when Ravallac's knife intervened. But we are ready to allow that neither the vigilance with which Henry IV. secured the execution of the Edict of Nantes, nor the promulgation of that Edict itself, can atone for the course of conduct on his part which made these results possible. Ranke in a striking passage appeals to all true Protestant hearts whether they can recall without a thrill of emotion the hope—and calculation—of many Huguenots that Henry might find his way to the throne without the degradation of a conversion. Sir Burbon thought it a safer plan to throw away his shield and

be counted but a recreant knight with endless shame

among his most tried friends and followers. But the truly contemptible part of the story is that this resolution was not the effect of the irresistible pressure of circumstances, but the execution, unless all indications err, of a long conceived and deliberately matured plan. It was only in 1576, during the confusion preceding the revival of the League and the outbreak of the so-called Sixth Civil War, that Henry of Navarre had succeeded in effecting his escape from Court, and renounced the profession of the Roman faith, without, it is true, displaying any of the fervour of a revert. When, in the very next year, 1577, the States-General of Blois requested him to acquiesce in their petition to King Henry III. for the expulsion of the Protestant religion from France, he avowed himself in his reply a sincere believer in his own religion, but added a very significant expansion of what afterwards became his usual formula as to his desire for enlightenment, should he be in error. In the event, he said, of his religion being proved to him to be bad, he should pray for "the strength and the means to help [him] in expelling it from this kingdom, and if possible, from the whole world." For a time there could be no question of the alternative line of policy in the direction of which this excess of humility points. In the Declaration and Protestation of the King of Navarre which prefaced the Seventh Civil War (1580), he stood forth boldly as the champion and protector of the rights of the reformed Churches, and in the following years he rose to the fullest conception of his political task to which he can be said at any time to have attained. The "great design" of the King's later years may, on the whole, be held to have been discredited by modern research as his own deliberate plan, or even as a scheme which Sully himself (beyond whom it cannot be satisfactorily traced) can have regarded as within the domain of practical politics. But whatever may have been Henry's schemes when he sat on the throne, and when, according to Sully, he arrived at an understanding with Queen Elizabeth as to the partition of the Habsburg dominions, there can be no doubt as to the distinctness of his intentions at what was perhaps one of the crises of the religious struggle of the sixteenth century in Europe at large. Had Henry of Navarre in 1583 succeeded in bringing about the conclusion of the great Protestant federation which he and Elizabeth—now thoroughly aroused to the dangers of her position—alike had at heart, the history of that struggle might have been a different one in France, in the Netherlands, and in Germany. Mr. Baird, whose account of these transactions forms one of the most interesting passages in his new volumes, attributes the failure of the scheme to the break-down of the mission of Ségur Pardailan, whom Henry had not very judiciously chosen instead of Duplessis-Mornay, by reason of the religious disunion between the German Protestant princes. It was the time when the promulgation of the *Formula Concordie* stereotyped the division between Lutherans and Calvinists, and a great opportunity was lost amidst the odious disputes which make up one of the most humiliating chapters in the history of the Reformation. The failure of the scheme no doubt helped to rally Catholic fanaticism in France round the League, more especially when the death of Anjou, which occurred shortly afterwards, brought France face to face with the problem of a Huguenot successor to the throne. Immediately the project of Henry of Navarre's abjuration was brought forward again; but on this occasion he firmly refused to listen, whether because the agents who approached him were not such as to inspire him

with sufficient confidence, or whether, as Mr. Baird rather sentimentally puts it, "the son of Jeanne d'Albret had not yet forgotten his mother's instructions." But in his manifesto of June 1585—the manifesto containing his famous challenge to Guise—he thought it well to take the opportunity of adding to his profession of his own religious belief and his request for the summoning of a free and lawful Council by the King, a declaration of his readiness to accept "instruction" from such a Council, and to regulate his belief accordingly. Taken in conjunction with the insulting defiance with which Henry shortly afterwards allowed the Huguenot wits to answer Pope Sixtus's Bull of excommunication, the above declaration might be considered a mere flourish; but it was formally repeated to a royal embassy which waited on him at Nérac on the subject of his conversion. When, at the close of the following year, Henry of Navarre held the conference with Catharine de' Medici which Mr. Baird has reproduced at length from a contemporary letter, he, notwithstanding the dignified position assumed by him on the subject of his religion, and notwithstanding his readiness to tell Catharine "some sober truths," left on her the impression that he was personally not unwilling for a change of religion, and that the chief difficulty in his way was the indignation which such a step would excite among his Huguenot followers. It is clear, as Mr. Baird elsewhere shows, that this impression gradually gained ground in the Catholic party, and gave rise to suspicions against their leader among the "Consistorial" section of his own friends, more especially after he had himself asked the (Second) States-General of Blois to help him to "instruction" by means of a Council. When such had been the cautious but consistent line of conduct pursued by Henry of Navarre, before the assassination of Guise brought Henry III. and himself together, it is not wonderful that the commencement of negotiations between them should have been immediately preceded by a declaration in which he declared himself open to conviction on the subject of religion. At this stage Mr. Baird pauses to remark how even now the conversion pointed at "was as yet sketched only as a change based upon rational instruction, in connexion with or consequent upon a free Council," and that it was to involve the simultaneous conversion of great numbers, if not of the whole body, of Huguenot followers of Navarre. We see no reason for taking so lenient a view of Henry's conduct. The more that part of his history to which we have referred is examined, the more evident, we think, will be the conclusion that, except in moments of impulse, religious feeling was never the guiding motive of his conduct.

We have no space to follow Mr. Baird into the difficult question as to how far the cautiously expectant policy of Henry of Navarre during the period of his struggle for the crown explains certain doubtful passages in their military history. Like many other celebrated commanders, Henry was more successful in winning battles than in following up his victories. Already of the day of Coutras the fruits were supposed to have been sacrificed by him to the fair eyes of one of his mistresses. But when, at a later stage of the struggle, he drew back from Paris after taking some of the suburbs, Gabriel d'Amours, the Huguenot preacher who embodied the combative spirit of the remnant, did not shrink from publicly denouncing the leader who would not take Paris when God gave it to him. And are we to suppose with Professor Baird that the failure of the victor of Ivry to push his success was merely owing to the interested hesitancy of "old Marshal Biron and Monsieur d'O"? Finally, can the disbandment of Henry's army after Parma's approach had stopped the great siege of 1590, and after his admirable operations had by opening both Marne and Seine rendered its resumption futile, be satisfactorily explained by the desire of the noblesse in Henry's service to rest? There seems no sufficient reason for declining to apply the same key, or at least the same kind of key, to all these problems. And Henry of Navarre, who, as Mr. Baird himself excellently puts it, spent nine years in purchasing the amount of loyalty necessary to him, beginning with Biron and finishing with the Duke of Mercœur, was not deficient in the quality of patience. The dissimulation which he had learnt in adversity he practised in prosperity; moreover, with all his *bonhomie*, he was a diplomatist born.

Perhaps it was not incumbent upon a historian of the Huguenots to enter into a very minute examination of the relations between the Guises and the League on the one side and Philip of Spain on the other. More is perhaps usually taken for granted on this head than can easily be made good; for the temptation is naturally strong to perceive "significance in a comparison of dates," and to note, for instance, that Henry of Guise was made Lieutenant-General of France on the very day on which the Invincible Armada was off the Isle of Wight. Of the understanding and intimacy between Mendoza and Henry of Guise there can be no doubt; but, in spite of the results of the Conference of Joinville, the degree in which Henry of Guise had blended his own ambition and interests with those of Spain is a different question. Again, Mr. Baird shows that the invasion of Saluces by Philip's ally the Duke of Savoy was imputed by Henry III. to his hated rival, and probably precipitated the unhappy King's fatal design, but that the Duke of Guise was totally guiltless of any privity to the *coup de main* of Charles Emmanuel. While this is an example of the spirit of fairness which is the rule rather than the exception in these volumes, we cannot altogether subscribe to their author's estimate of Catharine de' Medici, for whom he has nothing but contempt to spare. The repugnance with which her character naturally inspires him has probably prevented him from doing justice to the clear political insight which enabled her to shun and counteract the

very dangers to the French monarchy over which Richelieu in the end triumphed.

In conclusion, we cannot but express a wish that the most recent historian of the Huguenots had been able to furnish his readers with more detailed statistics of French Protestantism at the time of the termination of the religious wars. The untrustworthiness of those inserted by Gregorio Leti in his *Life of Queen Elizabeth*, and said by him to have been furnished to her by Henry IV. in 1598, is pointed out by Mr. Baird, who goes so far as to suggest that the number of ministers of the Gospel, there stated at two thousand eight hundred, may be an error of the pen for eight hundred without the two thousand. The several estimates of the numbers of Huguenot churches may be supplemented by one cited by Philippon, *u. s.*, from a Brussels MS., put together immediately after the death of Henry IV. Mr. Baird's general conclusion is that the Protestants of France, including Henry's hereditary kingdom of Navarre, at the end of the sixteenth and in the beginning of the seventeenth century, constituted a body of one million or a million and a quarter of souls—possibly one-twelfth or one-fifteenth of the entire population—and boasting between eight hundred and one thousand churches, large and small, where Divine worship was conducted by a somewhat smaller number of ordained ministers, never, perhaps, exceeding seven or eight hundred.

History furnishes few parallels to the energy and endurance of this minority in the struggle which it had successfully waged against the combination of forces represented by the League in the days of its ascendancy. Considering the undoubted fact that the strength of the Huguenots lay in the South of France, and that the strength of their present representatives largely lies in the same quarter to this day, there seems some reason in Mr. Baird's doubt whether Roman Catholicism and Protestantism can without further ado be set down as adapted respectively to the Southern or Latin races and to the Northern or Teutonic.

LAW BOOKS AND EDITIONS.*

IF it cannot quite be said that the second volume of Mr. Clifford's *History of Private Bill Legislation* has as much general historical interest as the first, it nevertheless completes worthily a most learned, interesting, and valuable work. The three chapters which describe the origin and history of the existing water supply of London suggest in a highly instructive manner the magnitude of the problem of centralization which Lord Cross failed to solve in 1880. If a Thirlmere or a Loch Katrine were within reach, the conditions would be simplified; but neither of those conveniences is likely to be supplied within any time to which it is judicious to look forward. The bulk of the volume is occupied by matter headed "Local Authorities," and among these chapters none are better worth reading than that which deals with the Corporation of London. It is necessarily brief; but the unimpassioned catalogue of facts of which it consists indicates, with much success, how the oldest and infinitely the greatest of our municipal Corporations towers among its comparatively ephemeral fellows. Especially interesting at the present moment is the historical sketch of the Coal and Wine Dues, which, published in pamphlet form, would considerably surprise many people who talk glibly about them. Ignorance is the worst enemy of the City of London, and every one who, like Mr. Clifford, spreads knowledge on the subject, does his share in paying to the Corporation the debt which all Englishmen owe to it. Insurance Companies established by private Acts of Parliament have a chapter to themselves, and so have the docks on the Thames, which are brought down to date by a reference to the opening last year of the new docks at Tilbury. The book concludes with an elaborate and, as far as a cursory investigation can show, trustworthy account of the procedure upon private Bills in both Houses of Parliament. Mr. Clifford acknowledges the festive character of the present year in an odd way, by publishing at the beginning of his second volume a dedication of the whole book to Her Majesty. But really the book is so good, and contains so much instruction for him who wants to understand the nature of the United Kingdom, that it quite deserves the honour.

If we were not all absurdly self-sacrificing, nobody would ever be a trustee. Perhaps a cynic would go further, and aver that,

* *A History of Private Bill Legislation.* By Frederick Clifford, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Vol. II. London: Butterworths. 1887.

The Investment of Trust Funds. By Edward Arundel Geare, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons.

The Law of Rents; with special reference to the Sale of Land in consideration of a Rent-charge or Chief Rent. By W. A. Copinger and J. E. Crawford Munro, LL.M., of the Middle Temple, Barristers-at-Law. London: Clowes & Sons.

Historical Introduction to the Private Law of Rome. By James Muirhead, LL.D. (Glasgow), Professor of Roman Law in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

The Bankruptcy Act, 1833, and Rules, 1836; with Forms, &c. By His Honour Judge Chalmers and E. Hough, Inspector in Bankruptcy, Board of Trade. Second edition. London: Waterlow & Sons.

The Principles of the Criminal Law. By Seymour F. Harris, B.C.L., M.A. (Oxon). Fourth edition. By Aviet Agabeg, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes.

A Complete Collection of Practice Statutes, Orders, and Rules, from 1275 to 1886. Second edition. By Alfred Emden, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, assisted by Herbert Thompson, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes.

if we were not all ridiculously ignorant, nobody would ever be a trustee. But, as we are all trustees, it is an obviously meritorious deed to write a little book in which are set forth some of the duties imposed on guileless persons who accept trusts, by that exceedingly technical and comparatively iniquitous part of the law of England which the people who say they understand it have satirically called equity. This is the task which Mr. Geare has undertaken, and he deserves more attention from those about to become trustees than they are at all likely to give him. His book is short, and inasmuch as he does not seriously attempt to make it intelligible to people who neither know, nor want to know, anything about law, it is not at all bad. On the contrary, as far as it goes, it is good. He sets forth briefly the principal rules which the Court of Chancery, and its successor, the Chancery Division of the High Court, have laid down, as to what sort of investments a trustee may make, and what he may not make, without incurring personal responsibility. The unfortunate part of the business is that the law directly encourages *cestui que trusts*, who get everything and do nothing, to be as unreasonable and disagreeable as they generally are. For if they can, by the arts and the impertunity with which they urge their trustees to get them five per cent. and upwards, drive those distracted and sorely harassed persons into some infraction of their duties, their money is safe to the extent of the total possessions of the trustee. If Mr. Geare's book were to be summed up in one word of advice to persons about to become trustees, the word would be that which Mr. Punch, as every one knows, addressed with far less reason to persons about to marry. It is to Mr. Geare's credit that the disguise wherein he has robbed the famous monosyllable is neither bulky nor opaque. But human hearts are soft, and widows and orphans are thoroughly acquainted with the enormous strength of their position, and absolutely relentless in taking the fullest advantage of it. We shall go on being trustees and suffering for it. The virtuous man will continue to be rewarded, as he has hitherto been, not only by his virtue, but by infinite trouble, expense, and loss of friends. The lore surrounding the relation of trustee and *cestui que trust* will not yet awhile be forgotten by disuse. That happy consummation will be reached (if at all) only when the Socialists shall have succeeded in not leaving anything for anybody to hold in trust for anybody else.

Messrs. Copinger and Munro have published a good-sized book about the law of rent, especially rent-charge, as distinguished from the rest of the law of landlord and tenant generally. The practice of selling land for a rent-charge is especially prevalent in and about Lancashire, and it is in that ex-county palatine, apparently, that the work has been compiled and is expected to arouse the greatest interest. The authors carry the essentially commendable spirit of local patriotism so far as to assert it to be "a matter for regret that the cases decided in the Chancery Court of the County Palatine [which it is not] of Lancaster are ignored by all the Law Reports." On the contrary, it is matter for limited but unfeigned congratulation. All the Law Reports, especially those entitled *ex nomine*, are already cumbered with reports of judgments in actions heard by a single judge in the Chancery Division, to an extent which seriously impairs their usefulness, and while everybody will acknowledge that Mr. H. F. Bristowe, Q.C. (to whom *The Law of Rents* is dedicated), most honourably and adequately fills the distinguished post of Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy and Judge of its Court of Chancery, it is not the least of his claims to the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen that he gets through his work without impeding other people in the performance of theirs. Messrs. Copinger and Munro indicate that they would like to cite the Vice-Chancellor's decisions. Their table of cases is pretty long already, and they may well be content with the citing they have been able to accomplish. As for their book, it is elaborate and careful. Granting that there ought to be a book about rents by themselves, Messrs. Copinger and Munro have made a good one. The postulate may be the more readily accorded because the subject of landlord and tenant, whether by reason of its difficulty and intricacy, or on account of the unpopularity of "landlordism," has for some time been fought rather shy of by the hundreds of legal authors extant. There are few better textbooks than Woodfall's *Landlord and Tenant*, or *Cole on Ejectment*, but they have singularly few rivals. *The Law of Rents* may safely be recommended to practitioners who have much to do with the topics of which it treats, and are not content with the rather meagre existing supply of similar literature.

The article "Roman Law" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* occupies forty-seven pages. Professor Muirhead, who wrote it, has republished it as a book, which has 439 pages (octavo), not counting the index and a few notes. It may, therefore, be assumed that Professor Muirhead considers the exhaustive study of Roman law to be a work of practical utility, which opinion, indeed, as a Professor of Roman Law, it is probably his bounden duty to entertain. The idlest sceptic would not deny that some degree of familiarity with the works of the principal Roman lawyers is requisite in a properly equipped historian of Rome. Yet it is a common opinion that a man may be an equally good lawyer, practical or scientific, in England, whether he thinks that the jurists denied the right of intestate succession as agnates to all women except sisters, or that they did not deny it, or whether he has no opinion about the matter one way or the other. This view is not wholly shared, or at all events not unreservedly admitted, by the Council of Legal Education, or by the exalted personages who provide opportunities of study for the youth of the

Inns of Court. Yet it is one of which the advocates are perhaps increasing in numbers, and in the boldness with which they avow their shameful indifference. Having regard to which fact, we do not feel called upon to say of Professor Muirhead's book more than that it is long, learned, crabbed in style, and not very well bound. Those antiquarians who direct their energies to the unravelling of the mysteries of the *condictio triticaria* and *vis civilis et festuaria*, and who are really anxious to put Gaius, Ulpian, Papinian, and the rest on their proper relative footings, will find in it plenty of matter to reflect upon. But as regards English law, its influence will not be profound. Of course no inference must be drawn as to the necessity or otherwise under which writers to the Signet and members of the Scotch Bar may lie of being thoroughly familiar with the whole or any part of the writings of Julian, Professor Muirhead, or any other jurist. God forbid that any such high topic should be profanely handled at this end of Great Britain.

Between two and three years ago, when the Bankruptcy Act, 1883, was new, and Judge (then Mr.) Chalmers and Mr. Hough published an edition of it, with the Rules and a suitable introduction, notes, &c., it was said by the *Saturday Review* to be probably, on the whole, the best of the several new books on that subject which were published soon after the passing of the Act. A second edition, with the Rules of 1886, is now before us, and we see no reason either to qualify or to depart from the opinion evoked by its predecessor.

Messrs. Harris and Agabeg's book about Criminal Law has reached a fourth edition. It is a student's book by the avowal of the authors, and is less full than the familiar Archbold, longer and less well arranged than Stephen's Digest, and less accurate than either. It appears to fulfil a want; and, inasmuch as criminal law, being easy, is a favourite subject for examination, it may fairly be said that the fourth edition seems to be quite as good as the third, and to have incorporated the not very extensive changes in the law which have taken place in the last two or three years.

Several recent sets of rules on different subjects make the second edition of the indefatigable Mr. Emden's *Collection of Practice Statutes* particularly welcome. The volume is even more colossal than before by xiv. and 19 pages. We hope Mr. Emden will live to beat the compiler of the Index to the Statutes.

A BOOK ABOUT CHOPIN.*

SUCH French books as deal with the "romances" of distinguished men and women are mostly to be regarded with extreme suspicion. In affairs of the kind distinguished men and women are apt to appear to the greatest possible disadvantage, for one thing; and for another the business of peering and prying into such secrets demands a certain "indelicatecy of the soul," which is scarcely an English characteristic. To the French mind the task seems profitable and decent enough, and the result is the production of book after book, and study after study, which, in spite of the purely scientific spirit in which (their writers assure) they have been undertaken, are dismissed, and justly, by the English critic as simply the outcome of an underbred and prurient curiosity. Count Wodzinski's account of the loves of Chopin is not one of these. The author, though he writes in French, is not a Frenchman, but a Pole; he is also a gentleman and a man of the world, and his treatment of his materials is marked by such good taste and good feeling as make his work uncommonly pleasant reading.

Count Wodzinski's estimate of his hero is pardonably high. He quotes, and with entire approval, the verdict of George Sand, that Chopin possessed an individuality "plus exquise que celle de Sébastien Bach, plus puissante que celle de Beethoven, encore plus dramatique que celle de Weber"; that, while he was all three together, he still remained himself, and was therefore "plus délicat dans le goût, plus austère dans le grand, plus déchirant dans la douleur"; and that his only superior is Mozart, for the reason that "Mozart a eu plus le calme de la santé," and "par conséquent la plénitude de la vie." It is refreshing in these days of advanced music to light upon an enthusiasm on the subject of Chopin in no wise inferior to that of George Sand herself, and to reflect that if the affair had happened some forty or fifty years later, the lady would probably have balanced one of her comparisons with the name of Richard Wagner. That, however, is by the way. What remains to note is that, wherever there is a Pole there is also a worshipper of Chopin, to whom it seems but natural to asseverate, with Chopin's most eloquent critic, that his genius was "le plus profond et le plus plein de sentiment et d'émotion qui ait existé." It is a pleasant and an honourable trait in the national character, and one cannot help wishing that in England it had another parallel than Gladstonism. Count Wodzinski, as was to be expected, is as tender towards Chopin the man as he is reverent of Chopin the artist. He paints his character "lovingly," as Mr. Ruskin would put it. It delights him to dwell on Chopin's grace and charm, his exquisite breeding, his air of distinction, his physical beauty, his rare accomplishment, his spiritual refinement, his delicacy and tenderness of soul; to deal with his happier hours; to tell of his triumphs rather than his reverses, his pleasures rather than his ailments. There is nothing of the "naturalistic" theory in his work; and he narrates the story of Chopin's last

years with a tact, a measure, a good-breeding that would make M. Zola sick with anger and contempt. Not once does he dilate on the picturesque quality of the consumptive's handkerchief. To say that is to say everything. As for the three *affaires de cœur* of which he has set himself to be the chronicler, they are handled in such a way that, were he living, Chopin himself might read the story, and be not offended.

It was in 1830 that Chopin succumbed to his first love. Her name was Constance Gladkowska. She had blue eyes and yellow hair, a charming presence, a clear and vibrant voice; she was prima donna at the Warsaw Opera House; and Chopin adored her. He was a sentimental and a timid youth, however, and he appears to have left his passion unuttered, and to have departed—never to return—without a sign. Had he been less afflicted with shyness, his life might have been very different from what it was; for Mlle. Gladkowska was not at all disposed to be severe, and Chopin might, Count Wodzinski opines, have won her for the asking. As he did not, she married some one else. Chopin, it may be added, was slow to replace her image with Another's. It was not until 1835, when he had conquered a position as one of the first of European *virtuosi*, that he fell a victim for the second time. She was a great lady (Count Wodzinski gives, not her name, but her initial only, which is identical with his own), but Chopin and she had known each other for years. Her brothers had been inmates of the Pension Chopin; from the first the little pianist had been a frequent visitor at Sluz Ewo, where Marie (her name was Marie) lived; and she herself had taken lessons of him—was, indeed, the first pupil he ever had. Since then, however, a great deal had happened. The Polish insurrection had burst forth and been trampled out; Marie and her family were in exile; and Chopin, as we have said, had conquered recognition as one of the first of living pianists, and one of the most original and charming of living musicians. They met this time at Dresden, where Marie was in residence with her uncle the Palatine; and a year or so afterwards, at Marienbad, Chopin put his fortune to the touch, and lost it all. They might, it seems, have been happy but for Marie's people. The Palatine, however, was not musical enough to bestow his nieces upon a mere pianist, even though that pianist were Frederick Chopin; and in 1837 Marie married a certain Count Skarbeck, from whom she was presently divorced. Her second husband, M. Orpizewski—"à la fois poète, historien, homme politique, que les tristes conditions au milieu desquelles se débat sa patrie empêchèrent seules d'atteindre aux plus hautes destinées"—died a little while ago at Florence, after an illness eighteen years long. She herself is still living, childless and widowed. Her *fusain* of the master is believed to have been burned in the Zamozski Palace, with his favourite Pleyel, his letters, and a hundred relics besides. But she cherishes his memory still; and when she plays his music "you have only to listen to believe that Chopin lives again." As for Chopin himself, he dedicated to her a charming waltz (Valse 1, Op. 69); and after his death they found a rose which she had given him in an envelope, tied up with black riband, and on which he had written these words in his native tongue, "Moja bia da"—an expression, Count Wodzinski explains, at once complex and simple, and which is, being interpreted, "mon chagrin, ma misère, mes regrets, mon tourment et ma peine."

Enough and to spare has been written of the composer's third and last romance, the heroine of which was George Sand; and in this place we shall do little more than note that Count Wodzinski discusses it with a temperance and an intelligence which, considering his enthusiasm for the hero, are not far short of astonishing.

THE THOUSAND NIGHTS AND A NIGHT.*

ALHAMDOLILLAH that Sir R. Burton has completed his translation of *The Thousand and One Nights* in ten goodly volumes, of which the last is certainly not the least remarkable for the show of extraordinary erudition, especially in the elucidation of subjects generally considered best left to a decent obscurity, and which the pilgrim to Mecca and Medina is pleased to class under the head of "anthropological."

The penultimate volume contains not a few interesting stories that are conspicuous in their absence from Mr. Lane's version, left out rather, it would seem, in order not to lengthen his work than from any more potent objection. "The Man of Upper Egypt and his Frankish Wife" is certainly not one of the class which Mr. Lane deems "objectionable," though we meet with it now for the first time. It is generally said that the Crusades, which wrought so profound a change in the manners and morals of Christendom, and introduced to Europe the luxury and arts of the East, produced little or no effect on the people of the East themselves, beyond the bequest of a lasting hatred of the Franks for their slaughter of so many thousands of True Believers. This is in the main true, without doubt; for the East of the eleventh century had little to learn of the West, and, while all Europe crowded to Palestine, and almost every family of note had a Crusader among its members, Palestine after all is but a very small province of the lands of Islam, and Jerusalem was again in the hands of the Moslems before a century had elapsed from the day when Godfrey

* *Les Trois Romans de Frédéric Chopin*. Par le Comte Wodzinski. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

* *The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night*, &c. By Richard F. Burton. Vols. IX. and X. Benares: Printed by the Kamashastra Society for Private Subscribers only. MDCCCXXXV.

took the Holy City and ordered a massacre in the Mosque of Omar that swept away the bodies of thousands in a deluge of human blood. The memory of the Crusades and the Crusaders, however, does linger in the East, kept alive by the romances and tales of chivalry connected with the name of Saladin, and we have here a story of the days "when Acre was in the hands of the Franks" and of a Frankish woman whom the narrator "took prisoner in the days of Al Mâlik an Nâsir Salâh al Din after the battle of Hattin, when I was a young man," and who, at the truce and exchange of prisoners, refused to return to her "first husband, the Knight such an one," even when urged so to do by the envoy of the King of the Franks, who is represented as seated at the right hand of the courteous Sultan. Another story, or rather series of stories, which Mr. Lane omitted on the score of "puerility," is that of "King Jali'ad of Hind and his Wazir Shimas," a "most characteristic tale," notes Sir Richard, "one of the two oldest in the *Nights*, which al Mas'udi [an Arab historian of the tenth century] mentions as belonging to the Hazâr Afsâneh [the old Persian version of the Thousand Tales]." The stories, which are moral apologues of the Indian beast-fable type, the Wazir admonishing the King by telling him "what befell the Mouse and the Cat," &c., are, it must be admitted, more curious than entertaining; but they are certainly not "puerile," and from the point of view of the folk-lore are of primary importance. The variety of subject-matter of the stories of *The Thousand and One Nights* is certainly one of the most remarkable characteristics of the collection; in good sooth poor Shahrazad had need to vary her style, for each morning she was only alive because the King was so interested in the story as not to care to cut off the storyteller's head. Next, then, we have the tale of "Abdullah the Fisherman and Abdullah the Merman," which is the prototype of Jules Verne's most famous yarns, and describes all that Arab fancy imagined at the bottom of the sea; following which come two excellent stories of the Harûn al Rashid type, giving a good idea of the life that went on within the Caliph's great palace, and proving how mild was, in actual fact, the tyranny that ruled in the harem. The latter of these two stories (omitted by Mr. Lane on the score of being "inferior in interest") relates how a certain one of the Caliphs pardoned two lovers whom he discovered in his palace—the girl being a slave of his household—and loaded the bold youth with wealth and honours. "Moreover he rejoiced in him and made him his cup-companion, till the world parted them and they took up their abode in the tombs, after having dwelt under palace domes; and glory be to Allah, the King Merciful of doom!"

Sir Richard's ultimate volume is mainly taken up by a long Terminal Essay, and a series of Indexes, and Bibliographical Lists which leave nothing to be desired in point of completeness. The vexed question of the origin of the *Nights* is treated at some length in this Terminal Essay. Galland, who was the first to introduce these wonderful tales to Europe in the charming French version (or perversion) from which the editions of our childhood were taken, was of the opinion that the tales, though Arab in garb, originally came from India, *via* Persia, and were put in their present form by an *auteur Arabe inconnu*. The purely Persian or rather Pehlvi origin of the bulk of the series was further maintained by that extraordinarily learned and, at the same time, inaccurate "Styrian Orientalist," Baron von Hammer-Purgstall; while "Baron Silvestre de Sacy—clarum et venerabile nomen—is the chief authority for the Arab provenance of the *Nights*. . . . He accepts the Persian scheme and cadre of the work, but no more. He contends that no considerable body of pre-Mohammedan or non-Arabic fiction appears in the actual texts; and that all the tales, even those dealing with events localized in Persia, India, China, and other infidel lands, and dated from ante-Islamic ages, mostly with the naivest anachronism, confine themselves to depicting the people, manners, and customs of Bagdad and Mosul, Damascus and Cairo, during the Abbasid epoch; and he makes a point of the whole being impregnated with the strongest and most zealous spirit of Mohammedanism." All this, according to Sir Richard's view, and his opinion in such matters is worthy of all deference, is but a very superficial criticism:—

Granted, which nobody denies, that the archetypal Hazâr Afsâneh was translated from Persian into Arabic nearly a thousand years ago, it had ample time and verge enough to assume another and a foreign dress, the *corpus*, however, remaining untouched. Under the hands of a host of editors, scribes, and copyists who have no scruples about changing words, names and dates, abridging descriptions, and attaching their own decorations, the florid and rhetorical Persian would readily be converted into the straightforward, businesslike, matter of fact Arabic. . . . Volumes are spoken by the fact that the Arab adapter did not venture to change the Persian names of the two heroines and of the royal brothers, or transfer the *mise-en-scène* any whither from Khorsan or Outer Persia.

As to the date at which the collection received its last redaction our translator inclines, on internal evidence, to the opinion that it took its present form not later than A.D. 1400. In the *Nights* there is but scant mention of either coffee or tobacco, the warriors fight with bows and javelins, and firearms are unknown (except in one or two instances, where it is impossible not to suspect an addition on the part of the scribe). Further, wine and barley-beer, never distilled spirits, are drunk at the festive entertainments which so frequently recur, and since the fourteenth century "white-coffee," or râki (raisin-brandy), has unfortunately become but too common all over the East where men and women drink, "for the honest purpose of getting drunk—*la recherche de l'idéal*, as the process has been called."

Regarding the authors, or rather editors, of the *Nights* in their present form, nothing—literally nothing—is known. The style of the various tales, as their present translator takes occasion to point out, so far from being homogeneous, is heterogeneous in the extreme. "Different nationalities show themselves; West Africa, Egypt, and Syria are all represented, and while some authors are intimately familiar with Bagdad, Damascus, and Cairo, others are equally ignorant. . . . We may, I believe, safely compare the history of the *Nights* with the so-called Homeric poems, a collection of immortal ballads and old epic formulae and verses traditionally handed down from Rhapsode to Rhapsode, incorporated in a slowly increasing body of poetry, and finally welded together about the age of Pericles."

Many other subjects are treated of at length in the translator's Terminal Essay. Among other matters, an excellent description will be found in the section headed "Social Condition" of Bagdad, "the Palace of Peace," during the Golden Prime, and also a succinct account is given of the Caliph Harûn and such of his successors as figure in the historical tales. Sir R. Burton next goes on to speak with full knowledge of Al Islam and its tenets, and of the civilization of the Moslem Empire during the earlier part of the middle ages, when Europe was still sunk in the slough of ignorance and semi-barbarism; but when he takes on himself to play the part of advocate for Mahomet and his creed, he might, we opine, use his space to better advantage than by arguing how "a no less defect in the 'School of Galilee' is its low view of human nature." Of low views of human nature, judging by the learned translator's "anthropological notes," we are willing to admit that Sir Richard is no bad judge, but in matters of Christian ethics we may perhaps be excused for not listening to his preachments. Sir R. Burton may well be proud of having brought what is truly a great work to conclusion; but unfortunately he must needs bespatter the whole with comments and notes which would have been better omitted. There are many matters concerning public morals the discussion of which is out of place, to say the least of it, in the translation of a great literary work such as is *The Thousand and One Nights*.

"The labours of a quarter of a century," writes the translator in *L'Envoi*, are now brought to a close, and certainly no one could have been found better suited by education and taste to the task of translating the *Nights* than is the accomplished author of the *Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina*. His summing up of the contents and character of *The Thousand and One Nights* in the Terminal Essay is a masterpiece of careful analysis, and we cannot do better than conclude our notice with a paragraph that resumes with wonderful effect the boundless imagination and variety of the picture that is conjured up before our eyes:—

Viewed as a *tout ensemble* in full and complete form, they are a drama of Eastern life, and a Dance of Death made sublime by faith and the highest emotions, by the certainty of expiation and the fulness of atoning equity, where virtue is victorious, vice is vanquished, and the ways of Allah are justified to man. They are a panorama which remains ken-speckle upon the mental retina. They form a phantasmagoria in which arch-angels and angels, devils and goblins, men of air, of fire, of water, naturally mingle with men of earth; where flying horses and talking fishes are utterly realistic; where King and Prince meet fisherman and pauper, lamia and cannibal; where citizen jostles Badawi, eunuch meets knight; the Kazi hob-nobs with the thief. . . . The work is a kaleidoscope where everything falls into picture; gorgeous palaces and pavilions; grisly underground caves and deadly wolds; gardens fairer than those of the Hesperid; seas dashing with clashing billows upon enchanted mountains; valleys of the Shadow of Death; air-voyages and promenades in the abysses of the ocean; the duello, the battle, and the siege; the wooing of maidens and the marriage rite. All the splendour and squalor, the beauty and baseness, the glamour and grotesqueness, the magic and the mournfulness, the bravery and the baseness of Oriental life are here.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY WAIFS.*

MR. ASHTON'S books are now pretty well known. The reviewer understands before he opens one of them what he is to expect—namely, the result of a great deal of conscientious and patient research conveyed in a style which is generally readable and sometimes pleasing. As for the matter, it may be described as occasionally new; that is to say, one seems to know most of it from the table of contents, though it is fair to say that Mr. Ashton never fails, even on the most hackneyed subject, to provide some additional details. For instance, all the world knows the story of Fighting Fitzgerald forcing his way into Brooks's Club, which is here told as if it was an episode just discovered; but it is curious to read how everybody in Dublin was constantly fighting. The Lord Chancellor fought the Master of the Rolls; the Chief Justice fought Lord Tyrawley, Lord Llandaff, and "two others"; the Provost of Trinity fought Mr. Doyle, Master in Chancery, and so forth. It is also edifying to read how Fitzgerald became the scourge and terror of the whole country, and how, after an immense deal of trouble, he was finally hanged. Again, in reading Mr. Ashton's chapters one is constantly reminded of things which might be added. Thus, in the chapter on Amazons, the two illustrious pirates are omitted, and the famous Amazon who lies buried in Brighton churchyard is passed over in silence. Some of the things reproduced in this volume are not only old, but matter of common knowledge, even with those who have not made special study of the eighteenth

* *Eighteenth-Century Waifs*. By John Ashton, Author of "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne." London: Hurst & Blackett. 1887.

century. For instance, no one wants to buy a book by Mr. Ashton in order to read a poem by Swift; and the true story of Eugene Aram has been told again and again. The impression, in short, produced by this, as by Mr. Ashton's preceding works, is as if, like Mr. Wemmick, he had said, "Hallo! Here's a Century. Let's have a look inside," and had then proceeded to find out all kinds of things which would be wonderful if they had not been all found out and well known beforehand.

So much being said, it remains to point out certain papers which by themselves justify Mr. Ashton in the production of his *Waifs*. That on Milton's Bones, on the *Times* and its Founder, on Jonas Hanway, and on a certain Holy Voyage to Ramsgate are both interesting and valuable. That on Imprisonment for Debt is useful for the reproduction of a little poem well known to those who have also, like Mr. Ashton, had a look inside the century, called the "Humours of the Fleet." It is not, we believe, generally known that the form of slavery which consisted in men selling themselves for a term of years to work in the plantations of Jamaica, Virginia, or in Maryland continued down to the memory of living men. They were called "Redemptioners," and as late as the year 1817 a law was passed in Maryland for the alleviation of the lot of those German and Swiss emigrants "who, for the discharge of the debt contracted for their passage to this country, are often obliged to subject themselves to temporary servitude, are frequently exposed to cruel and oppressive impositions by the masters of those vessels in which they arrive, and likewise by those to whom they become servants." Most of the emigration of the last century took the form of this servitude, and it would be interesting to know how many First Families intimately connected by descent with the English aristocracy should be traced through those who came abroad in order to escape a debtor's prison or to find the means of procuring a livelihood even in the hardest and most cruel way. Young fellows early broken down or without any prospects had a choice of two services—they might sell their labour for a term of years in America or the West Indies, or they might enlist for the East India Company's service. In either case they could never look to get home again, and became virtually slaves. Once a servant to a planter, the poor wretch was kept in bondage, on one pretext or the other, to the end of his days, being always in debt for clothes, tobacco, and food. The first notice of these unfortunates occurs in a ballad, quoted by Mr. Ashton, called "The Trapped Maiden." It is of the date 1670. So many of these involuntary emigrants used to arrive in the reign of William III. that in Maryland a duty of twenty shillings, and afterwards of forty shillings, was laid upon every Irish person landed. The treatment of the Redemptioners is described in the "Adventure of an Unfortunate Nobleman," published in 1743. "Their Work is hard, and for the most part abroad, exposed to an unwholesome Air, their Diet coarse, being either Poul or bread made of Indian Corn, or Homine or Mush, which is Meal made of the same kind, moistened with the Fat of Bacon, and their drink water sweetened with a little Ginger and Molasses." Some of the servants were felons condemned to be hanged, reprieved, branded in the hand, and transported for life. Some were political prisoners. As late as the year 1796 a shipload of three hundred Irish emigrants arrived at Baltimore, the poor wretches having been nearly starved on the voyage. The chapter on Redemptioners is, indeed, by far the most instructive and the most truly illustrative of the eighteenth century which Mr. Ashton has furnished in any of the four books which he has written on this period.

THE BEER OF THE BIBLE.*

THE author of this book does not succeed in his attempt to establish a connexion between the words Bible and beer, nor can any good object be served by so doing, though it may be pleasing to those who indulge a fancy for alliteration combined with a taste for beer. The book is a full explanation of the process of fermentation that took place in the making of the bread of the Jews when in captivity in Egypt, and of the absence of fermentation in making the unleavened bread of their Passover. That fermentation arising from the germination of cereals of any sort formed alcohol was a very early discovery made by man, and it was found that a little leaven leavened the whole lump. All fermentation arising from the germination of grain—that is, fermentation from any sort of malt—is, according to this book, beer; therefore the leaven mentioned in the Bible is beer, and the desired association between the Bible and beer is accomplished. This is the sum and substance of *The Beer of the Bible*, and there is to be found in the book a vast amount of information, with dissertations on the manners and customs of the Israelites in Egypt and the Egyptians, accompanied by illustrations and maps, to support the theory. But, in fact, beer is a beverage; and the fermenting leaven referred to in the Bible is not beer, nor can any of the substances used by the Israelites, as described by the author, be properly called beer. The author is an expert in beer, and practised his art in Cairo; he therefore knows a great deal about beer, also a great deal about Egypt, as the work clearly shows; and his knowledge of the ancient methods of using fermentation by the Egyptians has led him to attempt to fix on the Israelites the use of beer, and so to get it into the Bible. There seems to be a rivalry to obtain the authority of the

Bible, on the one side, in favour of alcoholic drinks, and, on the other side, against them; and the text of the Bible is employed in a non-natural sense to support the views of either party. In this book the Bible is freely quoted, and chapter and verse given to prove a thesis that cannot be maintained, but there is much interesting information to be found in it derived from the researches of a diligent inquirer. To those who have conceived a desire to find an authority for beer in the Bible, we cannot recommend the book; but those who feel an interest in ancient methods of bread-making, causing bread to be more light and palatable—aerated, in fact—will find much of great interest in the little volume.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. JULES SIMON, in his preface to "Sylvanecte's" book, has not merely perpetrated an epigram in saying that there is nothing "de plus connu et de moins bien connu" than the war of La Vendée (1). With some of the rest of his remarks we may feel less inclination to agree, and in at least one we fear we must say that there is a good deal of "fudge." "Les partisans de la Révolution," says M. Simon in his character of child of '89, "ceux qui en comprenaient la nécessité et qui en devinaient les résultats souffraient volontiers dans le présent pour l'avenir et pour la justice." We feel very much inclined to understand by this that M. Jules Simon has no objection to somebody else having suffered in the past in order that he himself may reap the benefits in the present. However, it is a very difficult thing for a "Conservative Republican" to speak of the Revolution. Mme. Georges Graux's own work is much less controversial, and decidedly interesting. Instead of giving, like most of the books on the subject, mere details of the military operations, she gives what these details generally leave out:—the circumstances of the actors, the aspect of the different scenes, the anecdote and gossip, so to speak, of the whole glorious and melancholy drama, together with local songs, traditions, and a great etcetera of more or less attractive matter. "Sylvanecte's" attitude on the question of the English alliance seems to us more patriotic than wise, but that is a point on which an Englishman and a Frenchwoman may differ very amicably. On the whole the book deserves to be very well spoken of; being readable, unpretentious, written in good taste, and giving much that is not generally known.

M. Louis Ulbach is a novelist of a class of whom we have a good many in England—a novelist of talent which never quite reaches genius and of experienced craftsmanship which generally stops a little short of what can be called good art. In *La maîtresse du général* (2) he is well up to his usual level, though hardly so good as in *Le crime de Martial* and *Le marteau d'acier*. Indeed, it is a different sort of story, being a novel of manners rather than of incident. The figure of the unheroic hero, Lucien (if he is to be called a hero at all), with his defects, which do not carry with them their qualities, is ingenious and good, and the heroine, Angèle de Guimaraës, is better. There are some unsavoury touches in the book, but it is in no sense offensive. The seeds of the strike novel, the novel of industrial life, appear to have been sown broadcast in France by the success of *Germinal*. "Jean Fusco" (3), inspiring himself with the recent disorders in the Mons and Charleville districts of Belgium, has written a book on the subject, which is well-intentioned, but far from strong. The author moralizes not particularly wisely, having returned, among other things, to the old eighteenth-century doctrine that the existence of monks is dreadful, not morally, but economically and socially. How the labour market would be benefited by turning fresh "thousands" (to quote his own estimate) into it he does not explain. However, he has to some extent taken the side of the maligned capitalist and captain-of-industry, and thus his book is in intention, at any rate, laudable, though we cannot say much more for it. M. Gossot is already experienced in *Academy courromes*, and perhaps *Madeleine* (4) (with its very title redolent of the Academic style) may increase his list of honours. It is introduced in the French fashion by a letter-preface from M. Henry Cochin, of whom all we can say is that, though we are happy to meet him even in prefaces, we should like him still better if he would write more books of his own; and that is what we do not say of many men. As for M. Gossot, himself a professor, he has written a novel of schoolmastering and schoolmistressing, with sauce of gipsy kidnappings and other incidents of country life. The book is, perhaps, a little too long, and the author has committed the fault of giving too much mere narrative, leaving his personages idle and silent, or comparatively silent and idle, meanwhile. But it is fresh in style and subject, and keeps well out of the various beaten tracks (some of them very miry tracks) of the day.

M. Dernaude's *Histoire d'une femme* (5) is a book in what, for shortness, one may call a rather American style, but without the worst defects of that style. It is a little dull, but shows a certain power of character-drawing.

(1) *Profilis vendéens*. Par "Sylvanecte" (Madame Georges Graux). Paris: Plon.

(2) *La maîtresse du général*. Par Louis Ulbach. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Chez nous*. Par Jean Fusco. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *Madeleine*. Par Emile Gossot. Paris: Perrin.

(5) *Histoire d'une femme*. Par Pierre Dernaude. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

* *The Beer of the Bible*. By James Death, formerly of the Cairo Brewery. London: Trubner & Co.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN *Cathedral Days* (Boston: Roberts Brothers), by Anna Bowman Dodd, we have an excellent specimen of the work that cultured persons of both sexes deem it incumbent upon them to bring forth. There is no reason why it should not have been written; its production has evidently amused the author; and the author's husband, to whom it is dedicated, obviously regards it with complacency, for it has not remained in manuscript. But to have printed and published it is, we conceive, a mistake. Mrs. Bowman Dodd is of those high-toned and romantic natures which cannot find themselves in after-dinner chat in a London garden without discovering (and publishing) the impression that they are "caught in the embrace of night." When she walks in Arundel her *espieglerie* is such that she is obliged to note, not only that Arundel is "a charming little town," but also that it appears to be "almost humanly cognizant" of the fact. Her eye for the picturesque is so keen, and her tyranny over the dictionary so absolute, that in her twenty-third page she pauses to tell how certain "towers and turrets . . . lanced their crenelated tops among the trees." A little further on we find her remarking in her exquisite way that the band of a travelling show "had the pervasiveness of all vulgarity." Her fine-toned ear discerns the presence of the letter *h* where never an Englishman would suspect it, and reports, quite gravely, how a brutal waiter quenched her spirit by declaring that the castle "his never hopen" to visitors. Then Waller's artillery "flashes forth its fire upon the Royalist garrison"; a river in a landscape is "the nearest approach to that ceaseless law of motion which informs man's own body with vitality"; the "submissive expression of angelic patience and sweetness which the rest of the world so admire in English wives" becomes "a product of home manufacture, conducted on the strictest economic principles"; and all the rest of it. One is not cultured for nothing; one must live up to the fact; and the world at large must be made aware of it. That is the teaching of Mrs. Bowman Dodd.

Dr. Macaulay's *Victoria, R. I.* (London: The Religious Tract Society) is only a Jubilee publication designed for the use of those who like to take their history with a dash of "seriousness." It is fairly well compiled; contains no mention of Ireland or the abandonment of Khartoum; and gives an interesting account of the function and development of the Society for which it was produced. Mr. L. Valentine's *The Queen: her Life and Reign* (London: Warne), another Jubilee publication, is better written than Dr. Macaulay's work, and better worth reading; it presents the facts of fifty years with clearness and—so far as we have seen—accuracy; it deserves to be popular. In another Jubilee publication, *The Jubilee Year of George III.* (London: Bumpus), Miss Frances Allitson has compiled a very complete account of the rejoicings of 1809. It is good work of its kind, and may be cordially commended.

Mr. Farrell's *How He Died; and Other Poems* (Sydney: Turner & Henderson) is an odd mixture of Byron and Bret Harte, with a strong dash of Adam Lindsay Gordon. Mr. Farrell's ideas and expressions are sometimes a trifle confused. The hero of his first poem, for instance, is shown in the act of sitting

ever apart,
As though nursing some scorn untranslating that grew in the shade of his heart.

This person dies to save his master's son, a young gentleman "With the slang of the bush on his lips and the great eyes of Helen of Troy." In the copies of verse of which this *How He Died* is the type, the dialect, it may be noted, is well written; the rhythm often leaves much to be desired. Both "No" and "Gordon" are such good, manly, patriotic work that one regrets that Mr. Farrell touches the stop so seldom.

Of *How to Make a Saint* (London: Kegan Paul), by "The Prig," we need say but little. It is smartly written, and by no means "unfunny"; but one needs to be an expert in ecclesiastical law to fully appreciate the humour, and a determined anti-Ritualist to take much interest in either the attempted canonization of Laud, Sam Johnson, Hannah More, and Richard Hooker, or the portraits of those by whom the adventure is essayed. As for *The Diary of a Quiet Life*, by Eliza Edwards (London: Hatchards), it means well; it has soothed and gratified the author in the writing; and to read it will give, no doubt, much pleasure to a certain number of very worthy people.

We have also received a new edition, being the third, of Mr. Hargrave Jennings's *The Rosicrucians* (London: Nimmo), to a more detailed consideration of which we may one day return; a new issue, being the sixth thousandth, of Mr. Thomas Greenwood's *Free Public Libraries* (London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.); fourth annual issue *Official Year Book of the Scientific and Learned Societies of Great Britain and Ireland* (London: C. Griffin) for 1887; a popular edition, at two shillings, of both series of Lord Beaconsfield's admirable *Letters* (London: John Murray); and a popular edition, at threepence, of Mr. Coventry Patmore's *The Angel in the House*, which, by a very happy inspiration, has been added to that excellent series "Cassell's National Library" (London: Cassell & Co.)

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